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THE Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

JANUARY, 1918

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THE CHAPEL

Built in 1895 of rough stone both inside and out, it is at once simple and dignified. The altar rail is in memory of Bishop Phillips Brooks



IN CAMP

Some of the boys, six of whom secured commissions as lieutenants

SAINT AUGUSTINE'S SCHOOL, RALEIGH, N. C.

The Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

ARTHUR S. LLOYD, Editor

CHAS. E. BETTICHER, Associate Editor

VOL. LXXXIII

January, 1918

No. 1

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

WITH this issue THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS begins its eighty-third year in its present form and under its present title. In all of that time, to the best of our knowledge, not an issue has been omitted. The seventh oldest magazine in the country today, we begin a new year proud of the past, confident of the present and full of hope for the future.

Eighty-two
Years Young

A magazine is a personality rather than an organism. No two expressions of its life are the same. There are times when it needs fostering care, and there are times when it is sturdy and strong. It is interesting to notice in the early issues that month by month a list of the subscribers was published on the cover; today the same list would more than fill six full copies of the magazine. But no matter what its particular material strength, a magazine, to be really successful, needs the friendship of its readers. This THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS has in a peculiar degree, and we are glad to feel that we are a tradition in many a family.

Two reasons for your continued interest in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS are its *history* and its *mission*. The first issue (January, 1836) stated that the magazine was "edited for the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of Amer-

ica" by the secretaries and general agents of the two committees (Domestic and Foreign), who at that time were the Reverend Benjamin Dorr and the Reverend James Milnor, D.D. Thirty years later, on the cover of the February, 1866, number, the words "and of the Freedmen's Commission" were added to the general statement, and a third section was added to the magazine dealing with this particular activity, of which the Reverend J. Brinton Smith, D.D., was general agent with an office at No. 10 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. In January, 1869, an elaborate cover first attracted attention, and then, on close scrutiny, it would be seen that the "Freedmen's Commission" had given place to "Home Missions to Colored People" which phrase was used until the "Jubilee Number" of December, 1871. In 1877 the "Secretaries of the Board of Managers" were charged with the editorial responsibility, and this statement appears through 1885.

The first time that the name of a secretary is printed as the editor is in January, 1912, when John W. Wood is given as Editor and Hugh L. Burleson as associate. Dr. Burleson became editor in January, 1915. Bishop Lloyd succeeded him in February, 1917.

While few names have appeared on the editorial page, many have been

The Progress of the Kingdom

active in their interest in and work for the production of the magazine. Among them some of the better known are the Reverend Drs. A. T. Twing, Richard B. Duane, Joshua Kimber and W. S. Langford, Dr. John W. Wood, Bishop Burleson and Bishop Lloyd.

It was under Dr. Wood's guidance that *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* took its present form and became widely read by many who would show no interest in the usual "religious" magazine. Bishop Burleson and the present editor have followed a well-blazed trail.

What a world of activity has been set forth and maintained under one or another editor! The actual fields are many and the individual enterprises are legion. Many missions both at home and abroad owe to these pages both their existence and the fostering care they have received. And what a contrast between then and now! Think of the "home" missions which have spread to include all of our great West, Alaska and some of the Islands. Think of the "foreign committee" who tell in the initial issue of the work at Athens (as described in a letter from the Reverend J. H. Hill, addressed to Bishop White, the then president of the Board), missions to Africa (two pages), to Persia (a two-page quotation from a sermon by the Reverend Horatio Southgate in Saint Paul's Church, New York), and exactly fourteen lines given to missions in China (in telling of the safe arrival of the "Rev. Messrs. Lockwood and Hanson on the distant shore to which they have gone forth"). What would they have thought could they have looked forward to that which we have seen and acquaintance with which most of us owe to *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*?

Through all these years, in connection with a multitude of interests, these pages have recited the story and expressed the need; they have made the appeal and recorded the response which you have made.

While comparatively few have a recognized and generally accredited responsibility in the making of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*, we all have a practical and very real part. Whatever of good has been accomplished, in the Providence of God, whatever success has been attained, must be accredited to all. The reader of a written record has quite as much to do with the ultimate success as has the writer. While the details of publication must of necessity rest with a very few, the practical value is determined by the many. May we therefore be pardoned at the outset of this new year, for expressing again our deep conviction that we are workers *together*. We are most grateful to you for your part.

The second special reason for your continued interest in *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* is its mission. It is the point of contact between the Church at home and Her twenty-nine hundred missionaries in many parts of the world. Few of you can have the opportunity of meeting the individual missionary—all may read his story. Without *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* the Church at home would know little of the missionaries in the field, save the meager outline in the annual report. Would it be fair either to them or to us to know no more of them or their work than is contained in a set of statistics? For eighty-two years we have endeavored to keep a broad line of communication between the man in the field and the man at home. Eighty-two years, as men count time, is a long while. Eighty-two years when compared with an eternity of blessed service, is but a moment. But eighty-two years as God grants opportunities for service is productive of incalculable good and unnumbered miracles.

Grateful for the past, confident of the future, we begin this eighty-third year in the certain hope that God is going to use us more than ever before for His glory. To His name be the praise!

The Progress of the Kingdom

WORD has been received from the president of the Board telling of delays in England until the twenty-second of December, when it was

Bishop Lloyd in England

hoped he and Archdeacon Schofield could proceed on the way to Liberia. While it is quite true that there are physical risks and dangers involved in their going, these are common to any journey, and earnest prayers will be made for their safety. But do not fail in your prayers to ask God's guidance and wisdom in their behalf as they deal with the many urgent and perplexing problems which they will find in our most isolated missionary district, which has been so long without a bishop. A suggested form of prayer will be found on page nine.

IT is seldom that one of the secretaries of the Board of Missions pays an extended visit to the mission field. When he

The Foreign Secretary in the Far North

does, the matter is one of importance and interest to the whole Church. Dr. Wood's journey through Alaska last summer with Archdeacon Stuck was followed with keen interest by many who have been eagerly waiting for the archdeacon's account of it. One outstanding fact is emphasized in every point—the bigness of the task which the Church has given Bishop Rowe.

JUST as the last fiscal year was closing and the final records were being made, a gentleman walked into the treasurer's

A Layman to the Rescue

office and asked for a short extension of time for his particular diocese. The extension was granted. A few days later he returned with twenty thousand dollars in various bonds as security and asked that his diocese be credited with that amount on its apportionment.

Then he started out to collect his twenty thousand dollars. He *believed* in missions seriously enough to give both time and effort to the work of helping others to recognize their responsibility. If unable to make others see their opportunity, he was willing to forfeit that portion of the securities equivalent to that part of twenty thousand dollars he was unable to collect.

IN electing the Reverend R. Bland Mitchell as secretary, the Board of Missions has added to its officers one who is already

A New Secretary

widely and favorably known. Mr. Mitchell has been on the staff of the Church Missions House since 1915, when he came to take charge of the details of the One Day's Income Plan.

Mr. Mitchell will continue in charge of the work of the One Day's Income Plan and will assist the president of the Board in other ways. The staff at the Church Missions House welcomes him to his larger responsibility.

THE next issue of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS will be what is popularly known as the Lenten Offering Number. For many

The Lenten Offering Number

years now the children of the Church have sold copies of this special edition at the usual price, ten cents, retaining five cents for their individual Lenten Offering. The success of this plan—last year more than a hundred thousand copies were so sold—is due to the co-operation of rectors, superintendents of schools and adults generally. The same problems are before THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS as face any publication. May we not therefore again bespeak your cordial and practical interest, not only on behalf of the children but on behalf of the magazine which brings you an account of the Church's Mission everywhere.

The Progress of the Kingdom

THE report of the treasurer of the Board for the fiscal year has been looked for with keen interest, and much speculation

Report of the Treasurer has been indulged in as to the result.

Mr. King presented his report at the December meeting. His opening paragraph is this striking one:

It is always a great privilege to write these reports. But when it happens, as it does this year, that the receipts are only \$1,140.12 less than those for last year, the writing of the report becomes an intense pleasure. In this particular year of fabulous gifts for many causes, some people may have thought that the work of the Board of Missions would have suffered. Thank God it has not—and again thank God for His noble army of believers.

Everyone knows that the deficit is about \$143,000, and it has been pretty generally pointed out that an unusual expenditure of \$60,000—\$30,000 for the Clergy Pension Fund and \$30,000 to offset the decline of exchange in China—is responsible for part of the deficit, while the increased appropriation for the year is responsible for the remainder. It was brought out by Mr. King that about the same parishes year after year meet their apportionments, and that failure to do so is found in about the same localities as heretofore. The following dioceses and missionary districts have met their apportionments during the past year: Province I: Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Western Massachusetts. Province II: New York, Porto Rico. Province III: Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Virginia, West Virginia. Province IV: East Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Lexington, North Carolina, South Carolina, Southern Florida. Province V: Michigan, Southern Ohio. Province VI: North Dakota, South Dakota, Western Nebraska. Province VII: West Texas, Eastern Oklahoma, New

Mexico, North Texas, Oklahoma. Province VIII: Arizona, Eastern Oregon, Honolulu, Idaho, Nevada, Philippine Islands. Liberia and the Panama Canal Zone have also met their apportionments.

When may we hope for a like interest throughout the entire Church?

ON the Feast of the Epiphany Bishop Brooke of Oklahoma celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration.

Bishop Brooke's Twenty-fifth Anniversary At its meeting on December twelfth the Board of Missions unanimously adopted the following minute:

The Board of Missions congratulates the Right Reverend Francis Key Brooke, D.D., upon the completion of twenty-five years as missionary-bishop of Oklahoma. Going to his field at the Church's call in the pioneer days, Bishop Brooke has seen Oklahoma grow into one of the greatest states of the Union, embracing two missionary districts. His devotion to duty, his forgetfulness of self, his readiness to serve the humblest of God's children—these and many other qualities have endeared him to the people of the Church and of the state. The Board of Missions sends greetings to Bishop Brooke, his clergy and his people, and wishes them Godspeed as they go on in their work together for the upbuilding of the Church in their great commonwealth.

The Church generally returns thanks to God, not only for Bishop Brooke's quarter of a century in Oklahoma, but especially for his sufficient recovery from recent and serious illness to again take up his work. In the name of its readers, THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS offers Bishop and Mrs. Brooke sincere congratulations.

At our request Bishop Brooke has prepared a summary of his twenty-five years in Oklahoma, which we will publish shortly with some interesting illustrations.



THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

—*Godfrey Thring.*



THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee—
For the eighty-two years'
service which THE SPIRIT
OF MISSIONS has been privileged
to render the Church's Mission.
(Page 5.)

For the work which Saint
Augustine's, Raleigh, has been
permitted to do for half a cen-
tury. (Page 11.)

For the life and example of the
queen of the islands in the mid-
Pacific. (Page 45.)

For the increased general in-
terest in missionary work. (Pages
54 and 57.)

For Delaware's contribution to
Church history. (Page 61.)

INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee—
That the work of Saint
Augustine's School, Ra-
leigh, may be strengthened and
enlarged. (Page 11.)

That our missions to Alaska
may be strengthened and in-
creased and our missionaries en-
couraged and sustained in their
work. (Page 17.)

That the work so well begun in
the training of Chinese women as
nurses may be carried on with
greater and greater success, and
that every woman so trained may
minister to her people as a ser-
vant of Christ. (Page 49.)



PRAYERS

O GOD, who by the leading
of a star didst manifest
Thy only-begotten Son to
the Gentiles; Mercifully grant
that we, who know thee now by
faith, may after this life have the
fruition of Thy glorious God-
head; through Jesus Christ our
Lord. *Amen.*



For the President of the Board

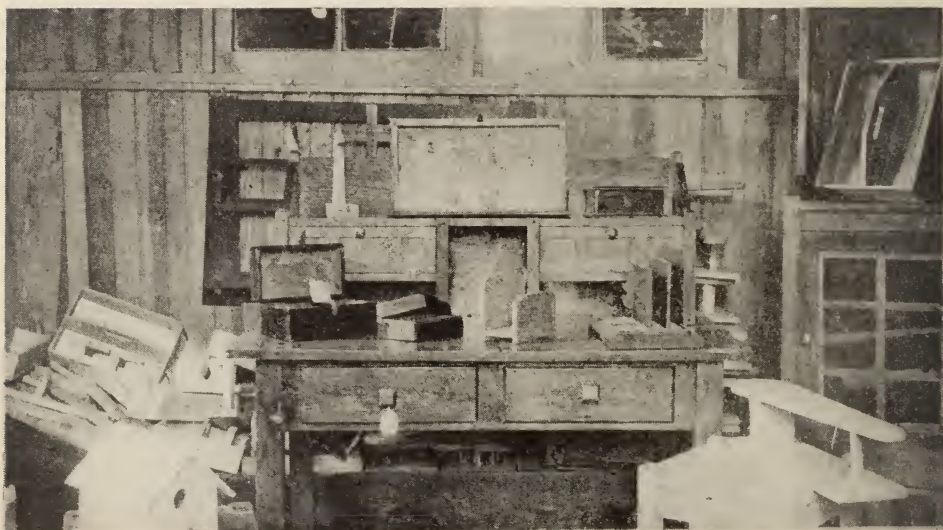
O LORD, the protector of all
that trust in Thee, hear us
who pray for the president
of the Board of Missions as he
journeys on sea and land; Guard
him from all dangers, from the
violence of enemies, from sick-
ness and fatigue, and from every
evil to which he may be exposed.
Guide him as he plans for the
progress of Thy Kingdom; Give
the people of Liberia readiness
and wisdom to help him in every
way: And may it please Thee
to bring him safely home again to
serve Thy Church in gladness.
Hear our prayer, Blessed Saviour,
Thou Who with the Father and
the Holy Ghost art one God
world without end. *Amen.*





PRACTICE SCHOOL

One of the most important buildings at Saint Augustine's and the center of very great and varied activity



CARPENTRY EXHIBIT

But a small portion of the exhibit is shown in the picture .

SAINT AUGUSTINE'S SCHOOL, RALEIGH, N. C.



THE GEORGE C. THOMAS MEMORIAL DORMITORY

FIFTY YEARS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

By the Reverend A. B. Hunter, D.D.



JANUARY first, 1918, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of Saint Augustine's School, Raleigh, North Carolina. The Reverend J. Brinton Smith, D.D. (who had been secretary of the Freedman's Bureau of the

Board of Missions), in co-operation with Bishop Atkinson of North Carolina, inaugurated the work in 1868.

In 1865, 97 per cent. of the negro race were illiterate. In fifty years, the illiteracy has been reduced to 30 per cent., a marvelous growth, perhaps unexampled in the history of the education of the world.

At the close of the Civil War, there was at once recognition of the need for teachers for the colored people and Saint Augustine's School was started for the purpose of training teachers and leaders. For a long time, a theological department was maintained in

connection with this school and men like Alston of Charlotte, McDuffey, now of Philadelphia, Delany, now archdeacon in North Carolina, and Perry of Tarboro, received their entire training in the school and the theological department attached to it. The emphasis upon the collegiate department of the school has largely been for the sake of training young men who might enter upon a course of study for the ministry of the Church, and the normal department has been maintained in order that teachers might be prepared for parochial and public schools. At the same time, the industrial necessities have not been neglected. Courses are maintained in cooking and sewing for the girls; in carpentry, printing and bricklaying, for the boys. Several of the school buildings bear witness to the industry and skill of the young men trained in carpentry and masonry. Saint Agnes's Hospital, costing over \$30,000, was built of stone quarried on the school-grounds and largely erected by young men who had been trained in

Fifty Years of Saint Augustine's



PUPILS LAYING WATER PIPES

the industrial classes of the school. This is also true of Benson Library, Taylor Hall, the transepts of the chapel and several of the brick structures on the school-grounds.

The students are divided into two classes; those who work their way through school by working during the day and going to school between four and six o'clock in the afternoon and those who pay nine dollars a week for their board and tuition. The latter attend school in the morning, industrial classes in the afternoon and have a study period at night.

The George C. Thomas Memorial Dormitory bears witness to the interest of the Woman's Auxiliary who gave in 1910 and 1913, \$10,000 of their United Offering toward the erection of this building, which cost \$33,000. The Graeff Building shows the interest of the colored committee of the diocese of Pennsylvania, and Goodman Lodge came from Connecticut. The addition of our Lyman Building was made possible largely by an offering of \$1,100 from Emmanuel Church, Boston.

From the very first, the Church services have been made an important part of the training of the school. No

one can be present in the crowded chapel today without gaining a great inspiration from the music coming from these hundreds of voices. On Christmas Eve, a miracle play is always given in order to bring before the eye the great events attending the Incarnation of Our Blessed Lord. The chapel is always crowded to its utmost capacity on the Feast of the Epiphany when the *Feast of Lights*, a missionary service, takes place and the annual offering of the school for missions is made.

Last year's enrollment shows four hundred and sixty-five pupils and the crowded condition of the school this year points to an even larger enrollment during the present session. There are one hundred and ten acres of ground, part of which is within the corporate limits of the city of Raleigh. The school equipment is valued at \$250,000, vested in a Board of Trustees of which the bishop of North Carolina is president. The endowment fund amounts to about \$35,000 and



A BEGINNER

Fifty Years of Saint Augustine's

we earnestly hope that this may be increased in order to assure the permanency of the school work.

Saint Agnes's Hospital was founded in 1896 and so is twenty-one years old. Its property is part of the school equipment and there are thirty nurses continually under training in a three years' course of study and practice. Last year, there were 19,617 hospital days. During these twenty-one years, Mrs. Hunter has made herself entirely responsible for the finances of the hospital, the funds of the school and hospital never having been mingled in any way. There are usually from sixty to eighty patients coming from the states of North and South Carolina. The endowment fund of the hospital amounts to about \$12,000 and Mrs. Hunter is endeavoring to have each day of the year endowed with \$250.



DR. AND MRS. HUNTER



WHAT TRAINING WILL DO

From the first years of its existence, the school has been greatly encouraged in its work by an appropriation from the Board of Missions and had it not been for this appropriation its work must have long ago failed. Since the organization of the American Church Institute for Negroes, about ten years ago, Saint Augustine's School has received generous help along with other schools under the fostering care of the Institute. The American Church Building Fund has twice come to the aid of the school in helping to build its beautiful stone chapel which has its walls of rough stone in the interior; its solid altar being of the same stone. Its font is a rough unhewn block of granite and alongside of it is a baptismal pool for those who prefer baptism by immersion.

The work of the Church among the colored people of the South waits on the growing spirit of co-operation among the people of the whole country. The people of the South are gradually awakening to their great responsibility. Mission studies of this problem are being made by young men in the Southern colleges; studies in



THE BATTALION

social service and in missionary extension are showing the people of the fourth province the tremendous problems that lie at their door. When they awake to the necessity of action, their work will be supported by the Church people of the whole country, and the bishops of the South, the leaders of the work, will have the whole Church back of them. *A Record of Fifty Years*, an interesting pamphlet showing the work of the school's graduates, has recently been published and will be sent by the school to anyone interested.

There have been five principals: Reverend J. Brinton Smith, 1867-1872; Reverend John E. C. Smedes, 1872-1884; Reverend Robert B. Sutton, 1884-1891; Rev. Aaron Burtis Hunter, 1891-1916; and Reverend Edgar H. Goold, 1916 to the present time. Mr. Goold had been vice-principal of the school for four years before becoming principal. He is a graduate of Amherst College and of the General Theological Seminary.

The work of the graduates of the school has multiplied its influence a thousandfold. Alfred J. Griffin and his wife have been at the High Point School since 1897 and thousands of children have come under their care. The Reverend J. W. Perry and his wife have been at Tarboro, N. C., since the beginning of his ministry. Prof. S. G. Atkins is principal of the Slater Industrial School at Winston, N. C., and was for many years educational

secretary of the A. M. E. Zion Church. The Reverend Henry S. McDuffey was in Asheville, N. C., and is now in Philadelphia. The Reverend Samuel N. Vass has been for many years district secretary for the American Baptist Publishing Society and has delivered hundreds of Bible lectures during his many journeys through the South. He looks back with thankfulness to his training in Saint Augustine's School. John M. Pollard is director of the academic department in Saint Paul's School, Lawrenceville. William B. Gaston is a mute teacher in a state school for mutes in Knoxville, Tenn. The Reverend Samuel W. Grice is warden of the Bishop Payne Divinity School; the Reverend D. Leroy Ferguson, rector of the Church of the Merciful Saviour in Louisville, N. C.; the Reverend E. W. Daniels, curate of Saint Philip's Church, New York City. William Augustine Perry is principal of Saint Athanasius's School, Brunswick, Ga. The Reverend H. B. Delany is archdeacon of colored work in the diocese of North Carolina. His wife has been matron of Saint Augustine's School for over thirty years. One daughter is teacher of music in the school. One son is a practising physician in Raleigh. Their eldest daughter has done most useful work under the Jeanes' Fund in all of the colored schools of Wake County, N. C. And so the list might be extended of the good work done by the graduates of the school.



THE SEWING CLASS

Our limited space prevents showing many similar interesting pictures

Nine former students of the school were under training at the colored officers' training camp at Des Moines, Iowa. Six of them received commissions as lieutenants in the army and the fact goes to show that the students of the school were not unmindful of their duty to the country in its time of need.

The endowment fund of the school has received \$25,000 from the estate of the Reverend Charles Avery, a Methodist minister of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. We hope this is the forerunner of similar sums from the people of the Church who have known this "Record of Fifty Years". The school is anxious to raise \$100,000 as an anniversary fund; \$60,000 for endowment and \$40,000 for buildings and equipment.

The report on negro education, written by Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones and recently published by the United States Department of Education, in mentioning the work of Saint Augustine's School, makes this as its first recommendation: "That the work of

this good school be encouraged". Surely the people of the Church, North, South, East and West, will rally to its support in giving it facilities for building, for teachers' salaries, for proper heating, and for making use of its one hundred and ten acres in providing adequate instruction in gardening and in farm-life.



SOME OF THE GRADUATES WHO HAVE STUDIED FOR ORDERS

Here again limited space prevents reciting many interesting facts

WITH THE FOREIGN SECRETARY IN ALASKA

A Narrative of the Tenth Cruise of the *Pelican*

By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S.



IN THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS and other Church publications I have written so much from time to time about the cruises of the *Pelican*, besides having just finished writing a whole book about them, that I am really reluctant to write any more on the subject. But when one deals with an editor who has the faculty of keeping his friends perpetually under obligation to him, what shall a man do? Moreover, there is no question that if any cruise of the launch deserved description, the cruise of 1917, in which she had the honour of carrying no less a person than the foreign secretary of the Board of Missions on a tour of the missions of interior Alaska, has pre-eminently that desert.

One of the reasons for my reluctance to write further about that boat is my pride in her, and the difficulty there is in curbing that pride so as not to arouse un-Christian envy in the breasts of those less fortunately situated. When the spring bursts the fetters of the ice, and the ear is delighted with the music of lapping water once more, when the warm perpetual sunshine carpets the moss with brilliant flowers and pricks and urges all vegetation into a sudden luxuriance of growth that is unknown to more sedate and temperate climes, when great fleecy clouds sail majestically across the blue sky, and the mountains along the Yukon still carry dazzling snow upon their summits, then we launch the newly-painted, newly-overhauled *Pelican* for her summer upon the rivers. With her polished brass, her gleaming white sides, a water-line of vermillion rising up at the bows and just showing along the hull (English vermillion made from mercury, if you please, none of your rascally imitations that fade out in a couple of weeks), her cabin of Nile green and white, her new ensign drooping over her stern, you would never take her to be entering her tenth year and to have travelled twenty-five thousand miles.

It is at such time that "my bosom swells with pride, and I snap my fingers at the foeman's taunts"—that my mind ranges with exultation over the distant rivers I shall traverse—the Tanana is my wash pot, over the Koyukuk will I cast out my shoe, upon the Iditarod will I triumph! What other country offers such wide network of navigable waterways? What other means of locomotion could give such unconstrained mobility?

Such moments have their charm, and their peril. Should I be steering when I take such flights, at just that very time the fly-wheel behind me is likely to begin deluging the engine room with water from the bilge; and I know nothing more competent to extinguish the ardour of self-satisfaction and arrest the vagrant pinions of fancy than a sudden shower bath of bilge water. Or, lost in distant prospects of rivers I would traverse, I find myself taking the boat where she has no present water to float in, and the labouring of the engine disturbs my reverie, perhaps just in time, perhaps just too late, to avoid grounding her. Pride often comes *immediately* before a fall.

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

When Dr. John Wilson Wood, like the lady of Byron's verse, who "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented", after declaring all the winter that it was impossible to come, came, (as I was confident he would), the *Pelican* had already made a 500-mile journey when she started up the Yukon to meet him. For the bishop of the Yukon territory, across the line in Canada, has to pass through 600 miles of Alaskan waters to reach one of his outlying stations, and when he wrote asking me to procure him a boat, and two Indians to pole it 250 miles up the Porcupine River from Fort Yukon to the Rampart House, I refused to do any such thing with the *Pelican* lying idle, and gladly placed the launch at his disposal. A very happy, interesting journey it was, in the continuously fine weather of our early summer, stopping and holding service at all the Indian camps; and very greatly I enjoyed the company of Bishop Stringer, who is as simple and modest and kindly a man, and as amiable a companion, as our own bishop.

On the night of the summer solstice, while tourists were yet gathered round our newly-erected dial at Fort Yukon to see the sun himself record the hour of midnight, we left for Eagle, 270 miles upstream, and a week later,

Eagle

having spent an intervening Saturday and Sunday in ministering to the people at Circle City, we reached our destination at nine at night. At three the next morning came the steamboat with Dr. Wood, his traveling companion, the Reverend B. D. Chambers, and, to our surprise and delight, Bishop Rowe as well. It was a keen disappointment to many of us when he wrote that he must come in by way of Cordova and Fairbanks, and would not use the *Pelican* this summer, and it was with correspondingly keen pleasure that we found he had changed his mind.

So here was the party assembled, and after a day spent with Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and their Indians, and a night service for the white people (both of which communities Mr. Burgess serves), we turned the boat's head downstream, and ran through some of the finest scenery of

Circle

the river to Circle. At Circle is a little white community of twenty-five souls, adjoining an Indian village of nearly thrice as many when they are all at home, with the usual unfortunate result of such adjunction. It is three years now since we have had any missionary at Circle. Two or three hundred dollars would sufficiently repair one of our cabins there, another two or three hundred would furnish it, and the people, whites and natives alike, would have an influence for spiritual things now entirely absent. "Joseph Minister", the old native catechist, never too active or efficient, now grows blind, and his work is about done. Speaking through one of our "smart-Alec" young Indians of the type that Circle City produces, who said "You betcher" when the bishop asked him to interpret for him, he informed us that up to last summer his sight was fairly good, but that a travelling doctor who came along then dropped something into his eyes. "He says that guy put his eyes on the bum," interpreted the "wised-up" youth, in the language of the steamboat deckhands who have been his guides, philosophers and friends. But Joseph's eyes have been approaching that deplorable predicament for a long time.

I earnestly hope that we may have a worker at Circle again; the people are few, but there are a number of children, chiefly half-breeds, and I hate to think of them growing up without Christian training and influence. A godly and discreet woman, a gentlewoman, could make a wholesome stand and leave a wholesome mark here, for religion and righteousness.



INDEPENDENCE DAY ORATION, FORT YUKON

Leaving Circle the next day, we plunged into that wide waste of waters and swamps and islands and drift wood and caving banks, through which the river flows for nearly three hundred miles, known as the Yukon Flats. For

eighty or ninety miles it still flows northwest, and then, having just entered the Arctic regions, it turns to a general southwesterly course. At the point where it turns, at the

Fort Yukon most northerly point it reaches, a mile or so within the Arctic Circle, stands Fort Yukon, now one of our most important stations in the interior; and we reached this place in the afternoon of Saturday the last day of June. The *Pelican's* flags were flying, her siren was tooting, and ashore the church bell was ringing and the whole native population was gathering on the bank, with Dr. Burke and his family and his two nurses, happy to see the bishop (for I had telegraphed his coming), happy to honour our notable visitor of whom they had heard so much.

Sunday morning and Sunday night speaking to the Indians, Sunday afternoon inspecting the Sunday-school, Sunday night speaking to the few white people—both the bishop and Dr. Wood were busy all day; and on Monday there was a reception, or I should perhaps better describe it as a levee, when the natives came and “shook hands”, and on Tuesday a solemn meeting of the village council, with all the tediousness (and all the usefulness) of interpreted discussion and address, and refreshments to follow; and Wednesday was the Fourth, with its sports and contests, its flag-raising and its patriotic address. The school children formed in ranks, after them came the chiefs, then the council two and two, and all the Indians present fell in line behind, and we marched around the flagstaff and then raised the flag while the children sang *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*. (*The Star Spangled Banner* is altogether too hard for them). Then the secretary made, very simply and happily, the oration of the day, duly interpreted for the Indians, and the sports were diligently resumed to wind up after one o'clock in the morning with an exciting canoe race. I wish my readers could have seen the secretary and Mr. Chambers perched on the two gate-posts of the hospital like living statues of

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

devout fire-worshippers, photographing the midnight sun, for at the slight elevation of the gate-posts his upper limb does not pass entirely below the horizon even so late as the fourth of July. Indeed there were many unwonted attitudes and occupations during this cruise, in which I should have liked to present the secretary to the astonishment and admiration of the faithful.

Never was visit more opportune, never conjunction fairer, than Bishop Rowe and Dr. Wood at Fort Yukon this July. I have had worries and perplexities before, but none that have so anxiously troubled me as the encroachment of the river upon our mission site of late. After losing 130 feet last summer, and living all the winter within six feet of the brink, it had been necessary to tear the mission house down when the reopening of the river resumed the erosion, and Dr. Burke and his family had moved into the attic of the hospital. Still the river cut; the hospital which was set 300 feet back from the river when its foundations were laid in 1914, was now only 160 feet back. I could not and would not sit down and watch the current eat further and further towards that building on which the Church has spent nearly \$20,000, and do nothing. So without permission, for I could not get permission, I had gone to work with preventive measure to save the bank; building bulkheads out into the stream rooted far back in the frozen earth, to deflect the current; had already deeply involved myself and knew not how I should extricate myself—for it is an expensive business to enter into a contest with the Yukon River.

I do not know what telegrams the secretary sent, or if he sent any, but before we left Fort Yukon there came the authorization for the work from the executive committee which before had been withheld, and from a joint appeal signed by Bishop Rowe and Dr. Wood, which was despatched from Fort Yukon, there has since come a sufficient amount for the rebuilding of the residence. Was it not a "fair conjunction"? Moreover at this writing I do really believe that we have stopped the erosion and saved the bank, though the crucial test of the work that has been done will come next May when the ice goes out. The authorization referred to, however, was merely an authorization to go into debt, and there will stand some \$1,500 on the books at the Missions House against Fort Yukon, which I must raise in some way. I have recommended to the Board of Missions that the next clergyman they send to Fort Yukon shall be an hydraulic engineer.

The reader will, I hope, pardon a lingering at Fort Yukon perhaps not altogether fair to other stations, on the score of the special importance which its new hospital and its vicissitudes of river-fortune have given it; but he will make no mistake if he judge that this place, at which we are centring our Indian activities for the upper Yukon, and hope to centre them still more, where the happy results of our medical work in the general health of the people and in the bills of mortality, are so manifest, does indeed possess no small importance of its own; it is probably the native metropolis of the Yukon River.

On the fifth of July we bade goodbye to Dr. Burke, who has the distinction of being the only physician in some 50,000 square miles of Alaska, his family and staff and people, and dropped down the river for 175 miles or so to

Stephen's Village

Stephen's Village, on the other edge of the Yukon Flats, without any stop. Let me say at once that it is not our custom so to travel, but rather to stop at every encampment; this year, however, the *Pelican* had so long and so exacting an itinerary that such stopping by the way was out of the question. At Stephen's Village, Miss Effie Jackson has lived and laboured for three



From left to right: Miss Dalziel, Miss Wells, Bishop Rowe, Dr. Wood, Miss Nuneviller, Archdeacon Stuck. Dr. Burke sits in front

years, the only white woman in nearly one hundred miles, has taught school and conducted Divine Service, has learned the native liturgy and instructed the people in it, has looked after the sick and been a sort of guardian angel to seventy-five or eighty Indians; and now that she has gone out on her furlough, a year overdue, for she gave three years' service at other points first, Miss Harriet Bedell has joyfully entered upon the same duties and the same isolation, and told me when I passed by again, a week ago, that she was never happier in her life. We thank God continually in Alaska for our brave, devoted women. Yet I have always an uncomfortable feeling that it is not right to leave a woman so situated; there should be two of them.

Ten or twelve miles below Stephen's Village we leave the Flats and enter abruptly upon the series of gorges known as the Lower Ramparts, through the impressive but sombre scenery of which another long run brings us out into

Tanana

the lower Yukon at the confluence of the river with its most important tributary, the Tanana; at which point the town of Tanana is situated. Here we foregathered with the Reverend P. H. Williams, in charge of our work at the place, and the Reverend W. A. Thomas, on his way from a winter at Nenana to relieve the Reverend A. R. Hoare at Point Hope on the Arctic Ocean (having gladly volunteered for that arduous post). With the Bishop, the Reverend Mr. Chambers and myself, there were thus five clergy present—not to mention the secretary, who, though he be no ecclesiastic is certainly highly ecclesiastical—a very unusual and happy occurrence in interior Alaska.

Our hospital at Tanana, built on the same plan and at almost the same cost as the one at Fort Yukon, has not been so fortunate in securing a physi-

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cian. An excellent man was appointed last winter and all arrangements were made for his entrance upon the work, but when the war with Germany broke out he went to the front. The army surgeon at the military post three miles below the mission has always been exceedingly kind in giving his services when seriously needed, and I take this opportunity of expressing the obligation of the mission to Major Love, M.D., recently transferred to another post. But until properly staffed as the Fort Yukon hospital is staffed, we cannot expect this institution to do the work for the natives of its region that Saint Stephen's is doing so satisfactorily above. It cries out for a physician, and offers an unsurpassed opportunity for a young, active, intelligent, missionary-minded man to do special work for God and mankind.

We had reached Fort Yukon while yet the whole native population was in residence, but the first and the best run of salmon, the king salmon, usually begins with the national anniversary, and so soon as its festivities are done the Indians hasten to their fish camps, and from Tanana were already far scattered. Again and again I wished that Dr. Wood had left New York when I told him to, on the first instead of the fifteenth of June; he would have seen more than twice the Indian people had he done so. Had there been leisure to stop at every little camp, it would not have mattered so much, but this whole tour suffered from trying to do too much within a given time.

At Tanana the bishop left us, to my very great regret; thereafter I could but echo the enquiry with which we were received at every place we reached, "Where is the bishop?" But he would not overburden the boat, and went

down the river to Anvik, accompanying Mr. Thomas that far on his long journey, and taking Mr. Williams with him on a little vacation from close residence at Tanana; while the launch turned her head up the Tanana river, bound for

Life on
the "Pelican" Nenana and Fairbanks. And now began a season of wet, cold, stormy weather that virtually killed the rest of the summer and took most of the pleasure away from the remainder of the tour. The *Pelican's* cabin is comfortable enough, but when raw winds and driving rains keep one closely within it day after day, the confinement becomes irksome. Persistent rain keeps everything so damp that mildew soon appears; spare boots and shoes in the lockers become covered with blue mould; the bedding cannot be aired and grows fusty; bread will not keep and photographic films are ruined.

But the *Pelican's* guests were of that happy complexion that makes the best of everything. Not only was there no complaint but there was an eagerness to help that lightened all tasks by dividing them. My post of cook I would not resign; when I have to eat the results of amateur cooking I usually prefer to be the amateur cook; but Dr. Wood and Mr. Chambers proved themselves admirable dish-washers—that is one of the capacities in which I should like to exhibit the secretary to a wider admiration—and the somewhat extensive preparation for going to bed they reduced to such a system that we lost only the minimum of time. Hitherto we had slept at a mission each night; henceforth most of our nights would be spent aboard. The usual routine of the launch on a long journey was followed; we ran fifteen hours and tied up nine. On occasion when there was need we ran continuously day and night.

Walter Harper was chief engineer and pilot, relieved at first mainly by myself, but, later, quite as much by Mr. Chambers, and for great part of the time we had an additional half-breed youth, an understudy to Walter, whom I hope to use when Walter goes outside again to complete his education. The two seats in the cabin are furnished with long air-cushions that make excellent



A SECRETARIAL IDEA OF DISHWASHING

mattresses; a third laid upon the floor between the seats provided as comfortably for another man; a fourth upon the lockers of the engine room served Walter, and Moses was accommodated in a hammock slung above the engine. Screens that replace the windows admit sufficient air while excluding mosquitoes, so that while we were undeniably rather crowded we were not stifled. But it is quite a business every night to blow up the spare mattresses by mouth (we cannot stow them inflated), to get out and apportion the considerable store of blankets and quilts, to sling the hammock and make all ready for sleep; and it was this business which benefited by the system to which it was reduced. As a blower-up of pneumatic mattresses, Aeolus himself could hardly surpass the secretary.

Through the rain and wind we went up the Tanana River 200 miles to Nenana. The government railway is pushing across country to the upbuilding of a large new town here—and to the incidental destruction of our school and mission, for the two things cannot exist side by side. We must move away, and they tell us that unless we can procure the passage of a bill through Congress there is no way in which we can be compensated for the buildings we have erected and all the improvements we have made. Yet it were better to move away and abandon everything than essay the hopeless task of "carrying on" where we are. Already the megaphone announcements of moving picture shows on Sunday night excite the children and the villagers; the pool rooms exert a strong attraction upon the older boys; the Indian women begin to frequent the streets at night. I believe that the Railway Commission does all in its power to check the bad influence upon the natives, but the thing is hopeless.

Bishop Rowe plans to procure the introduction of a compensating bill into Congress this winter, but I know that without the assemblage of every influence we can command there is scant chance of its passage these anxious and stormy times. Will my readers who are interested in the Alaskan Indians, who are

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

interested in the work for which that great gentlewoman, Annie Craig Farthing, laid down her life, lend us their earnest help?

We were received joyfully by Miss Alice Wright and her staff of workers at Tortella Hall and by the children of the school and such people as remained in the village. Thursday the twelfth of July was spent in the visit, Mr. Cham-

Chena

bers celebrating the Holy Communion for the school staff in the morning, and Dr. Wood addressing the natives at night, and on the next day we ran seventy-five miles up

to Chena, where we lay over night, the guests of the Reverend Mr. Drane. The whole journey up the Tanana was the fastest the *Pelican* has ever made in its waters, for the river was unusually high and we slipped through sloughs and short-cuts that commonly we cannot use at all, and kept the close inside curves of the river bends along sandbars that must commonly be given a much wider berth.

The next morning we ran up the twelve miles of slough to Fairbanks where the Reverend H. H. Lumpkin was waiting for us with cordial welcome and Mrs. Lumpkin with eager hospitality, and here we lay over Sunday and

Fairbanks

till the Wednesday of that week. Good congregations assembled morning and night at the little log church, and Mr. Chambers preached to the former and Dr. Wood made

an address to the latter. The Church people of Fairbanks do really appreciate, I think, their good fortune in having a man of Mr. Lumpkin's calibre.

Monday was spent in looking at the town and meeting many of the people, and on Tuesday Mr. Lumpkin took the two visitors out to Esther Creek, where they had a chance to inspect a placer gold mine and see a "clean-up". The rain was intermitted during most of the Fairbanks visit, but upon our re-embarkation it was resumed, and thenceforth almost constantly attended us.

I should much have liked to carry the secretary 300 miles farther up this river to our mission at the Tanana Crossing, and with the high water that prevailed I do not doubt that the *Pelican* could have made the journey, but the time was too short, the itinerary too exacting, so there

Fairbanks

to Tanana

was one mission station in the interior that was unvisited.

On our way downstream we picked up Mr. Drane and his Peterborough canoe at Chena, and dropped him at the fishing encampment of his Indians three miles below, leaving him to paddle back again. But Mr. Drane spent an active youth on Albemarle Sound and is as amphibious as an Eskimo. There has not come into the country of late years, I think, a man more entirely suited to it. The Tanana Crossing is amongst the stations in his charge, and, coming down last winter with the dogs from my visit to that place I heard his praises sung by whites and natives alike all along the trail.

Then we ran to Nenana and enjoyed another evening with the children, and, with a good start next morning, made a continuous run of fourteen hours back to Tanana, spending an hour or so, midway, in looking at possible new sites for the school and village that must be moved; the weather most disagreeable with wind and rain, and the river rough and choppy all the way. We took up our quarters at the hospital again and made our dispositions for the next stage of our journey, the voyage down the Yukon and the long voyage up the Koyukuk. Whenever the wind ceased the mosquitoes were most venomous, as was the case, indeed, all the summer. On board the launch they did not greatly bother us save when we tied up to the bank for the night; then it was a matter of shutting up the boat as quickly as possible and gradually

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

killing all that were therein before we went to bed. But at almost all the mission stations they were a terrible pest. I was delighted that while we stayed here our visitors got a fine view of Denali (Mt. McKinley), 150 miles away as the crow flies, perhaps the noblest sight in all Alaska.

We delayed our departure from Tanana until the early morning of Sunday, July twenty-second, because Saturday was so tempestuous and the river so rough. Below Tanana, the Yukon is broad enough to get up considerable seas, and the *Pelican* is not built for rough water. We were engaged to conduct Divine Service at Ruby on Sunday night, and, leaving at six in the morning, still had good time to make the 150 miles.

Shortly after we left Tanana, however, the wind arose again and presently grew so high as to make whitecaps. The waves dashed over our bows, and, were the steering window open ever so little, drenched the man at the wheel; the hull of the boat pounded upon the water; the pots and pans of the galley came tumbling about the floor and my hand was scalded with grease from the frying pan as I prepared breakfast. It became evident that it was the part of wisdom to tie up, and at last Walter guided the boat, not without difficulty and very skillfully, into the mouth of a little creek about sixty miles below Tanana, where we lay for twelve hours until the storm had spent itself. So it was Monday morning instead of Sunday evening when we reached Ruby, and we stayed there no longer than to make our explanations and apologies. Ruby is the largest town on the Yukon River today, I think, but we have never had a missionary there. A Roman Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister are in residence, and our few folks receive an occasional ministrations only, so that I regretted the more that we could not give another day.

By eight o'clock on Monday evening we reached the Koyukuk mouth and filled our tanks from our gasoline cache, taking five cases on the deck as well, for the tanks will not hold enough to serve for the round trip of 950 miles that lay before us; then, leaving the Yukon, we turned around the bold, soaring promontory called the "Koyukuk Mountain" and ran three hours on our journey to the Allakaket before we tied up, glad to be out of the rough Yukon water and in the comparative quiet of this smaller river.

The long grind up the Koyukuk is very tedious and monotonous, especially in bad weather. Banks densely covered with willows, islands, sandbars, drift piles; round a bend to the left and then round a bend to the right; islands, sandbars, drift piles; a little spruce and a little cottonwood, and willow, willow, willow—that is its character for a couple of hundred miles. Early the first day we passed a launch coming down from the mining camp at the head of the river, 600 miles away, and then we did not see a living soul for 300 miles. Nor is animal life abundant, save in the early summer when the birds are migrating, and the chief impression the river leaves is its loneliness.

One animal encounter we had, however, that I was very glad of for our visitors' sake. As we turned a bend, Walter spied, a little ahead of the boat, a bear swimming the river, and drew the attention of the cabin by repeatedly sounding the siren. Heading him off from the bank, the boy gleefully turned the boat round and rammed him with the bow, throwing him well out of the water so that his whole body was exposed, and the bear tried to seize the gunwale as he came down as though he would clamber aboard. It was a fine brown bear and the only one we saw the whole summer, save a couple in captivity, though they are usually common enough.

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

At the first Indian encampment, more than 300 miles above the mouth, I married two couples and baptized six children; and because, as is not unusual, the parents insisted that I should select the names, of the three boys I named one "John" for Dr. Wood, one "Benjamin" for Mr. Chambers, and one "Walter" for our engineer. These poor Hogatzakaket folk are sadly off for any ministrations of religion; the mission is yet 175 miles away, upstream, too far for any but very rare visits, and they do not participate much in its benefits.

On Friday we realized that to reach the Allakaket by Saturday night it was necessary to run all Friday night, so we divided ourselves into the requisite watches. There were plenty of us to relieve one another without calling on Dr. Wood—always eager to be of service—and we rarely permitted him to take any part in the working of the boat, but whenever we made an all-night run, the secretary indicated his sense of the strenuousness of the situation by going to bed with his boots on. A continuous run of forty-one hours brought us to St. John's-in-the-Wilderness late on Saturday night, and we gladly left the boat to the boys that we might enjoy Miss Ridgway's hospitality. A bunk may be comfortable enough, especially with an air mattress, but there is always pleasure in getting into a real bed again.

Miss Pumphrey had just left—was in fact a passenger on the mail launch we had passed near the mouth of the river—invalided out, and apprehensive of missing her ocean steamer at Saint Michael did she wait the unknown and uncertain arrival of the rare river steamboat; so that we found Miss Ridgway all alone save for an Eskimo boy attached to the mission. There were a few Indians in the village adjoining the mission and a few Eskimos in the village across the river, but most of the people were scattered up and down at their fish camps. We had passed many of their camps in the last forty miles or so, and had passed them most reluctantly, but we had a fixed steamship date of departure to work to ourselves and only a narrow margin against mishaps and delays.

I celebrated the Holy Communion on Sunday morning for Miss Ridgway and one communicant of her people (we have seen fit at this place to admit only two natives so far to the privileges of the altar, though there are some others that we now feel are reasonably ready) and twice afterwards, during the day, Dr. Wood enjoyed that unique experience of the Allakaket of speaking at once to people of diverse races by the mouth of two interpreters, or, as Father Duncan of Metlakatlah calls them, "interrupters".

It was gratifying to have brought Dr. Wood to our "farthest north" station in the interior of Alaska, and thus given him some notion of the great distances to be traversed in ministering to our remote posts, but a winter visit is really necessary if one would understand Alaskan conditions—and if one would appreciate St. John's-in-the-Wilderness.

On Tuesday morning we left Miss Ridgway and her cozy hospitality and turned the *Pelican* downstream. There lay before us a visit to Anvik and connection there with a steamboat for the port of Saint Michael: we deemed our tour on the launch approaching its close.

Some time since, a native woman of these parts and her two children had been badly burned through the tent catching fire from a mosquito smudge. The younger child died; the mother and the elder child improved under Miss Ridgway's care, and were progressing favourably; but when Miss Pumphrey left, Miss Ridgway became alarmed at some new symptoms which developed, and, her supplies of medicaments exhausted, and fearful of blood poisoning,



THE "ALLAKAKET SPECIAL" ON WHICH MISS PUMPHREY TOOK PASSAGE

sent the two patients down to Nulato in a small open boat in charge of the husband, a deaf-and-dumb Indian. At Nulato is a small hospital and a physician, the only government provision for the care of native sick on the Yukon River today, if we except a supply of simple drugs entrusted to the school teachers. Persistent headwinds and rough water had checked the progress of the boat so much that on the evening of our first day we caught up with the party, though they had left the day before we arrived. At first we essayed to tow boat and all, but the *Pelican* does not tow well and the boat shipped water continually. Then we proposed to the man, through the woman (and it was wonderful how she made him understand with her hands and arms all muffled in bandages) that he should return with his boat and that we should carry his wife and child on the launch. To this he readily assented, so having made a bed on the deck and covered it with canvas, we embarked the two patients and cast the rowboat loose.

Dr. Wood immediately constituted himself sole nurse and attendant, and it was good to watch the gentleness and assiduity with which he cared for his charges. I shall always carry in my mind a delightful picture of the secretary's loving tenderness to this poor Indian woman and her child.

If there were indeed danger of blood-poisoning it were well to lose no time in getting the patients to a physician, so we immediately decided to make no stop at all until we were on the Yukon. Watches were set accordingly; Dr. Wood resolutely went to bed with his boots on, Mr. Chambers and Walter and I took the launch down to the Koyukuk mouth in turns, one man at the wheel and the other two sleeping. I said we resolved to make no stop, but when we were within a few miles of the mouth of the river the boat stopped of its own accord, the gasoline exhausted. But we pumped out the dregs of the after tank (too high out of the water to drain completely) and filtered them into the forward tank which always feeds to its last drop, and so made our way to our *cache* at the Koyukuk mouth trading post.

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

Thus in forty-three hours' continuous running we descended the Koyukuk from the Allakaket, having taken eighty-nine hours to ascend. The proportion is not quite just; we had been delayed some hours in ascending the river by taking a "canoe slough", only usable at high water, which we fondly imagined would prove a short cut, instead of which we wound around in it for upwards of three hours, only to emerge on the main river a few miles above the place at which we entered it. By such adventures, however, is a river learned.

Taking fifteen cases of gasoline on board without waiting to put more than a couple in the tank, and rushing a telegram from the Koyukuk station to the doctor at Nulato, in an hour and a half we had run the twenty miles to that place, and we turned over our sick at ten o'clock in the morning of August second. We stayed long enough for Dr. Lamb to make an examination of the woman and child, and were able to catch the reascending mail launch before it left the Koyukuk mouth with a telegram to be taken to the Allakaket informing Miss Ridgway that her patients were arrived at the hospital and were not in the dangerous state she feared. Then we all turned in for a long sleep.

Now began a period of vexatious uncertainty about the steamboat connection. The *Victoria* was advertised to sail from Saint Michael on the twelfth, touching at Prince William's Sound points on its way "outside", and the next boat which made these stops did not sail until a month later. We had been assured by the river-traffic manager before we left Tanana that a boat would go down to connect with her, calling at Anvik not earlier than August third. At Anvik we would be out of telegraph-touch with the world, and I did not like to leave the wires without getting more definite information. But I could get none; no boat had yet left Tanana nor was any ready to leave; and we went down to Anvik in sixteen more hours, uncertain whether we could catch a steamboat there or must take the *Pelican* all the way to Bering Sea.

Everybody, I think, is always glad to get to Anvik. The place has an atmosphere all its own and always the same; due, I am sure, to a long continuity in superintendence far beyond any other mission in Alaska, for the

Anvik

Reverend Dr. Chapman has been there thirty years. Some others of us begin to consider ourselves old-timers, but he was an old-timer long before we came into the country.

As paint of calcium sulphide stores up the light that falls upon it, to give it out again by and by, so I think places do sometimes drink in the influences that long play upon them until they seem to shed forth those influences themselves. Here, in that sense, the place is the man, and there is a sweetness and gentleness about Anvik that must be due to long reflection of the sweetness and gentleness of Dr. Chapman.

Until lately Anvik has been our most neglected mission. Far down the Yukon, remote from gold mines and rumours of gold mines, nestling modestly amongst its bluffs a quarter of a mile off the main river, it is overshadowed in the general view by the far more extensive Roman Catholic work forty miles below; and, never clamorous or aggressive or sensational, it is not even mentioned in such books as *Alaska, an Empire in the Making*, and it has exactly one line in General Greely's *Handbook of the Territory*. It has "done its work and held its peace", which is worth repeating. Of late the Church seems waking up to that work and gives evidence of a desire to sustain it more adequately. Some of the old, decaying buildings are in process of replacement, as all should be, an infirmary is building, and an addition of one person has been made to the staff.

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

We reached Anvik on Friday the third, and lay there until the following Tuesday. It is not necessary for the natives to go far afield in this region; so prodigious is the run of salmon that they may stay within a few miles of home and catch what they wish, and so can always gather at the mission on an occasion. By this time the secretary was become adept in addressing natives through an interpreter, and he had opportunity here, both in the council chamber and in the church. Everywhere he went his presence was helpful and encouraging; at Fort Yukon the natives are still talking about what he said and did, and I doubt not, elsewhere also; though surely never man in authority made less parade thereof.

When Tuesday the seventh arrived, and no sign of any steamboat, we decided to run down to Holy Cross where there is a wireless telegraph station. If it were necessary, the *Pelican* was prepared to go down to the mouth of the river and cross Bering Sea to Saint Michael, but that would mean an additional journey of 800 miles for the launch, with corresponding consumption of gasoline, and the *Pelican* has reason to dread the passage of Bering Sea. At Holy Cross we could send no message till night—it is one of the limitations of radiotelegraphy that communication with other stations may be had only at pre-arranged times—and we spent the afternoon in a pretty thorough examination of the great Roman Catholic establishment, under the courteous guidance of Father Sefton, S.J. With three priests, half a dozen sisters, and as many lay brothers, a school of 120 native children is maintained, and farming and other industrial operations are carried on extensively, including the maintenance of a herd of twenty-five cows. We found everything in the most admirable order and cleanliness, and were much pleased with an entertainment of singing and reciting by such children as remained in school during the summer, with which we were favored by the sister-principal.

Not only is this mission on a far larger scale than any work of ours, but I do not think there is one of our missions that can be put in the same class with it for thoroughness and competency, and I know full well that we have none that is relatively as adequately staffed and provided. Holy Cross and Anvik are about of an age; the one has been fostered and cherished, and extended and developed whenever opportunity presented; the other has been neglected and skimped and starved; and that is a mere statement of fact without concern with imputation of blame.

At last came definite word from Tanana that owing to mishaps and delays to the boats there was no longer likelihood that connection with the *Victoria* would be made; so the *Pelican's* duty was plain and we "cleared" for Saint Michael on the eighth. It was fortunate for us that the

The Yukon Delta

stormy weather we had suffered above did not prevail on the lowest reaches of the great river, for they spread out miles in width and are sometimes lashed into such disturbance as would be impossible for the launch to face. Windy it often was, and rough, but not beyond our endurance, and we went down to the delta country, out of the timber into the brush, out of the brush into the bald, flat tundra, reaching Kotlik at the Aphoon mouth by noon of the tenth, having spent a few hours at the Russian Mission, and a few more at the new mining town of Marshal, on the way. On one of the last hills that we passed before entering the flats of the delta, we had a fine view of a herd of reindeer, the leader and his dog rounding up stragglers, and we checked the engine and watched them through the field glasses with great interest.



A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE



MOSQUITO PROOF!

There lay before us the crossing of the bar, an open stretch of forty-five miles across Bering Sea, and twenty miles more of "canal". The tide did not serve until two the next morning, and we spent the evening in the lonely cabin of the soldier-telegrapher, an old acquaintance from the army post at Tanana. Outdoors the mosquitoes were a dense cloud; the whole side of the boat was covered with them so that the light from the windows was obscured, and veil and gloves were indispensable even in rapid passage from the boat to the house. The reeking tundra of the Yukon delta is a most favourable breeding ground for them—favourable for that and for naught else in the world, I think. Yet I remember that I was glad to see the mosquitoes, for they indicated still weather, and I would choose any extent of mosquito-torment rather than a rough passage of Bering Sea. The pelican is, in places, a salt water bird, but the *Pelican* is not a salt water boat, and I grow miserably sea-sick on the slightest provocation, with a splitting headache and a general incapacity.

By this season of the year it has grown dark for some hours around midnight, but Walter took us over the bar on the flood, just able to distinguish the white buoys that showed the way, and then I took the wheel until we were abreast of Point Romanoff, when I relinquished it to Mr. Chambers. I suppose if Point Romanoff were in Russia today, as it used to be, they would want to change its name to Point Kerensky, having changed it once from Captain Cook's "Cape Shoalwater". Here, three years ago, the *Pelican* lay at anchor all one miserable tempestuous night, the engine broken down; and was so tossed and pitched about that I wondered her slight timbers withstood it. But who will may read the *Pelican's* "Voyages on the Yukon", etc.; this voyage concerns a secretary who does not suffer from sea-sickness, nor do I think that waves could toss a boat roughly enough to disturb his constitutional serenity.



THE BLOCK HOUSE



THE BEAR

The Canal took us deviously into Saint Michael's Bay, crossing which we were at our destination, tied up to the wharf, by 11 a. m.; not permitted to land, however, until the commanding officer of the military post had inspected the boat and given his permission, a wise war-

Saint Michael measure, doubtless, though as a preventive of smuggling liquor into the military reservation, quite ineffective, as we judged later. The first information we received at Saint Michael was that the *Victoria* was still at Nome, 100 miles across Norton Sound, and that when she came she had 1,600 tons of freight for the railway at Nenana to discharge, of which, in fine weather, the port lighters could handle 400 tons a day. We were evidently here for a week.

Annoying as was the delay, it had some compensation. It is not natural or decent that a man should sit down in New York, draw up a day-by-day itinerary for three months from his time-tables and calculations, and then come to the interior of Alaska and expect to live up to it. So far it had been carried out to a miracle; the secretary had had no delay in Seattle, no delay at Skagway, no delay at Whitehorse, no delay at Dawson; and had reached Eagle in the record time of twelve and a half days from the Atlantic coast: (and is quite likely to go to his grave believing that anyone who wants to may do the same). At Eagle the *Pelican* was waiting for him, and the *Pelican* had certainly done her part. I do not think we were delayed an hour in the whole tour by anything that the *Pelican* was responsible for. She had thrown over her propeller half a million times a day, on and off, for six weeks, with the most exemplary fidelity; had taken him to each mission station at the time he had planned to reach it, and had carried him away again exactly when his time-table said "go". (And Walter Harper ought to have a gold medal for it, to hang around his neck when he goes out to college.) He will never know the persistent good fortune that attended him, nor the multitude of mishaps that might so easily have occurred. Now, lest he should leave the country con-

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

vinced of the promptness and despatch of its ordinary transportation system, came this providential illustration of its complete casualness.

We waited a week at Saint Michael; there were those already there when we arrived who had already been waiting a week (Miss Pumphrey was one of them; the river steamboat she caught at Nulato was a day too late for the ocean boat). And before we left there came down the river-boat that should have brought us, in plenty of time for the sailing of the *Victoria*. Yet we had telegraphed to Nome, had telegraphed to Saint Michael, had telegraphed to Tanana, seeking assurance and finding none. There is only one rule about water transportation in Alaska; if you catch a boat you proceed, if you miss it you wait: there are exceptions to the first part of it but none to the latter. Sooner or later everyone waits.

Saint Michael has a Roman Catholic church, a Russian church (closed and locked and by no means to be entered while we were there), an old Russian block house with rusty miniature cannon, a radio telegraph station, an army post, a dozen abandoned river steamboats rotting on their ways, and a brown bear on a chain that drinks soda-pop. An hour's stroll covers all the plank sidewalks, on which alone walking is possible—and there remains the bear. The encouragement of this bear's depraved and inordinate appetite has brought wealth to its owner, who sells the stuff in bottles. Travellers grown desperate by waiting, resort to this shop, buy "three bottles for two-bits" all day long, and beguile the weary hours by watching the animal sit on his haunches on a cross piece at the top of a pole and suck the stuff through a hole jabbed in the capsule. The man told me that he had sold as many as 200 bottles in a day, and that the bear had never reached the limit of his capacity. The imagination is staggered at the thought of drinking twenty-five gallons of soda-pop a day! When the travellers are all gone and the cold weather approaches, "Jack" obligingly digs himself a comfortable hole in the ground and goes into winter quarters underneath his perch, with no expense to his owner until the time begins to come round when he can consume soda-pop again. The man has had the bear for four years to my knowledge. I made a photograph of "The foreign secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society offering soda-pop to a bear", but since the negative is in the secretarial hands I know not if it will be permitted to survive.

Having secured the use of the Arctic Brotherhood hall, I gave notice of a service on Sunday afternoon, and on Sunday morning we all went to the Roman Catholic church. In the afternoon we had a good gathering (the first non-Roman-non-Greek service since I was here three years ago) with some present who were very glad of the opportunity. At night we went to the Roman church again and listened to an eloquent sermon in Eskimo, and the next day we called upon the priest with our compliments and good wishes.

Then we sent the *Pelican* back with Walter and Moses, and were glad of the opportunity of giving passage to the superintendent of government native schools in these parts, who had business at Nulato. Since she embarked our visitors she had made 3,200 miles; before she received them she had made more than 700 miles; Walter had to take her 1,200 miles upstream to Fort Yukon, where she lies on the bank in winter quarters at this writing; so that she has made 5,100 miles this season, which brings her total mileage above 30,000. I wish that all those who contributed to her purchase ten years ago, or who have contributed to her maintenance since, might see this statement of the service she has rendered.



BISHOP ROWE AT ANVIK, AUGUST, 1917

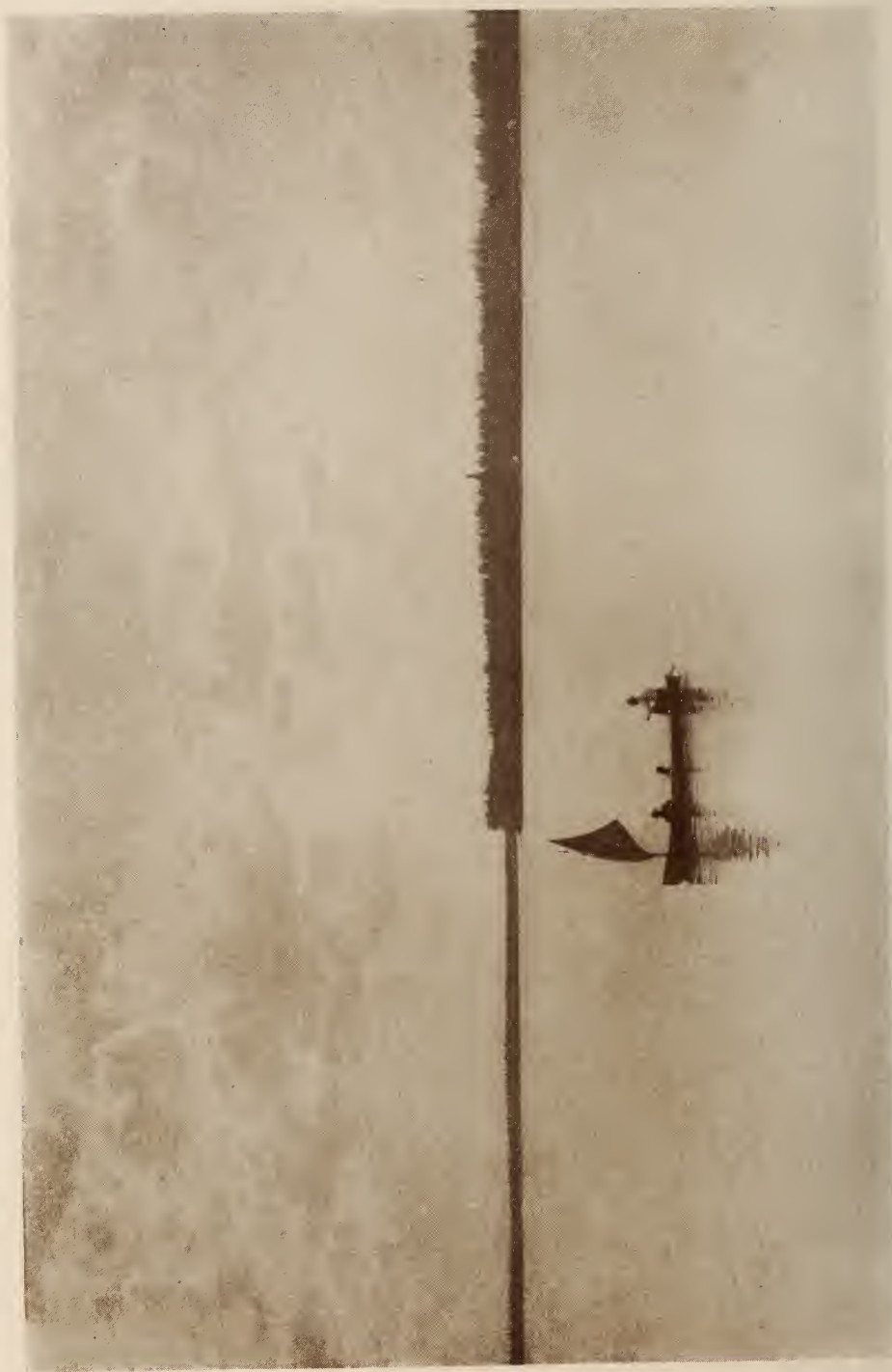


ARCHDEACON STUCK AT ANVIK, AUGUST, 1917



Gerhard Sisters, St. Louis.

JOHN WILSON WOOD, D.C.L.
Foreign Secretary of The Board of Missions



DRIFTING IN THE YUKON FLATS

THE PELICAN LEAVING SAINT MARK'S MISSION, NENANA
Miss Farthing's grave is on the hill half a mile down stream. Its huge cross can be seen from any part of the mission or town





SAINT MATTHEW'S, FAIRBANKS, IN MIDSUMMER



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT ON THE KOYUKUK RELUCTANTLY PASSED BY



VIEW FROM CHRIST CHURCH MISSION, ANVIK
The picture is taken looking across the Anvik and up the Yukon

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

We tramped many miles on those plank sidewalks and even attempted the soaking tundra; we talked a great deal and we read a great deal. Dr. Wood, with that prescience of his that overlooks nothing, had despatched a parcel of books to await his arrival. And the secretary made schemes; all down the river he had been full of gentle suggestions for the improvement of Alaska; he had a note book full of them. One of his Saint Michael schemes was the fitting up of the abandoned steamboats as apartment houses for Eskimos. He thought three staterooms could be knocked into a nice little flat with a "kitchenette" attachment, and steam heat could be had from the engine boilers. And when I showed him in John Wesley's Journal which I had been diligently reading and indexing all the summer, mention of a similar use to which abandoned men-of-war were put at Portsmouth, he was mortified that he had been anticipated. But with it all, the detention was tedious, and I recalled with a chuckle the remark of a man I met on a steamboat some years ago who had been similarly detained. He said, "If I had stayed there another week I would have died of N Y."

This paper should end here, for I have conducted our visitors to the limit of my territory, and I am not sure that the editor wants to make a serial of "The Adventures of the Foreign Secretary in the Far North". But I had resolved to accompany them to our Cook's Inlet and Prince William's Sound stations, which I had never seen and had the bishop's authority to visit, returning to the interior from Cordova by the stage to Fairbanks—and who will record their further journeyings if I desist?

As briefly as may be then—we did at last sail from Saint Michael about midnight of the seventeenth, called for a day at Nome, where we deplored our closed church and thought that the population of the town warranted its reopening and then sailed down Bering Sea on a straight course for Unimak Pass and the North Pacific. But the fog for which Bering Sea is noted closed around us, and we saw nothing; no, not when by good seamanship the captain had brought his ship into the very mouth of the pass in dense fog all the way from Nome, and, as he was in the act of casting anchor, caught momentary glimpse enough of recognizable rock to steer through, did we see aught—Unalaska and Dutch Harbour and the chain of the Aleutian Islands were all blotted out in the thick murk that enveloped us.

When we had won through the pass and had turned east along Unimak Island and the Alaskan Peninsula, close to the shore, there were tantalizing liftings and fallings of the fog. Once it withdrew its curtain halfway from

Shishaldin; that gleaming volcanic cone of 9,000 feet of which Capt. Cook wrote with admiration in 1778; which rivals the pictures of Fujiyama and Cotopaxi in symmetry; and again it allowed a half sight of Pogrumni, a lesser companion volcano, but Pavlov we did not see at all. It

was too bad that this region of most interesting active volcanoes was, in the main, hidden from us, as it so frequently is hidden. My feet ached to get ashore on the Alaskan peninsula, and that not merely to escape the persistent roll of the steamer. Only a glimpse did we get also of the Shumagin Islands, but I recalled with the keenest interest that Bering named them from a sailor whom he buried there, dead of the scurvy, himself fatally ill with the same plague of early navigators. I had hoped that we should use the Straits of Shelikof, and that sight might be possible of Mount Katmai, but we kept the outside of Kodiak Island, its wild rocky shore just perceptible through

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

the mist, and we should have seen nothing more had we sailed through the Straits. How little is known of the mainland by which we were sailing is shown by the fact that the latest gazetteer and the latest encyclopedia do not mention Mount Katmai, nor has the official *Geographic Dictionary of Alaska* (edition of 1906) any entry of it. Yet its eruption in 1912 is counted one of the notable volcanic eruptions of the world's history. And here, as I write, comes sensational account in the newspapers of a country adjacent to it, newly discovered, "The Valley of a Thousand Smokes", which I suppose are fumaroles of some sort.

In the early morning of the twenty-fourth of August we entered Resurrection Bay, but the fame of its picturesqueness is still fame to us, for neither then, nor on leaving it, nor again on entering and leaving it, were its shores of mountain and glacier more than dimly visible, looming tremendous through the mist. Here at the town of Seward Dr. Wood and I left the *Victoria*, and Mr. Chambers continued his voyage in her to the States, leaving behind him in Alaska a recollection of courtesy and kindness that will not soon be forgotten.

Seward is proudly situated and nobly, if gloomily, surrounded. It is the designated ocean terminus of the Alaskan Railway, the other designated end of which is at Fairbanks. But, so far, the main work on the coast goes on from Anchorage at the head of Cook's Inlet, and, in the interior, from Nenana on the Tanana River, and one feels that these first and last points on navigable waters may be the active operating termini.

We have a beautiful, substantial, unfinished church at Seward, and ground for a rectory, and the Reverend Mr. Zinn, who has charge here and at Valdez, met us and took us in care, and the hospitality of his people was very gracious and acceptable. On Saturday the Commercial Club entertained us at luncheon, with much speech-making, and on Sunday the basement of the church, where service is at present held, was filled with people, to whom I preached and Dr. Wood spoke; and the Holy Communion was administered to eighteen persons. And here, late on Sunday night, after we had attended the Methodist church in default of a second service at our own (there is at present no convenience for night service) we had the pleasure of rejoining the bishop, come out from Fairbanks by stage on a visitation of these parts.

With him, full as he was of his interesting visits to Kennecott, Cordova and Latouche, we set out at midnight on the side trip to Anchorage, on Cook's Inlet, to make which we had abandoned the *Victoria*, and when we awoke the

Seward next morning we were ploughing that great arm of the sea in still, though not in clear weather. It was with much interest that I sailed up this water for the first time, with recollections of Cook's and Vancouver's narratives in my mind. We did not see Cook's Cape Bede, for we passed it too early in the morning, nor his Mount Augustin, on the other side of the Inlet, for it was not clear enough nor the lofty peak of Redoubt, an active volcano we passed about noon, but I recalled with pleasure that he took the two former names from the Black Letter Calendar of the English Prayer Book. Captain Cook seems to have been the last of the great English navigators to follow at all this ancient, pious custom; the lords of the admiralty succeeding to the honours of the saints of the earth. Nor did we see the "distant stupendous mountains covered with snow and separated from each other" which Vancouver saw from the Inlet's head, now called Mount Sall, Mount Russell—and Mount McKinley and



CHILDS GLACIER

"Though apparently motionless, it flows on forever"

Mount Foraker by those who disdain, and those who do not know, the Indian names of these last two; "Denali" and "Denali's Wife"; though on any clear day they may be seen; so that I was the gladder our visitors had their glimpse at Tanana. To have seen the one greatest mountain of them, however, from two points, perhaps 300 miles asunder in a straight line, would have given them some notion of its magnitude.

Anchorage is, today, I suppose, the largest town in Alaska. Fifteen years ago Nome was the largest; ten years ago Fairbanks undoubtedly was; for the one year 1911-12, I think perhaps Iditarod City was;

Anchorage

then Juneau became the metropolis as well as the capital; and now it seems that Anchorage has outstripped Juneau.

How much of the population is permanent and how much dependent on the immediate railway construction, it is hard to say, but it is highly probable that there will always be a good-sized town here.

We had but a few hours at Anchorage, and they evening and night hours. The bishop and Dr. Wood had both been expected for the previous Sunday and both would have been there had they not been delayed. And the order of Alaskan Pioneers had arranged to come to church in a body, and were much disappointed. We made the best of our brief visit; the Reverend E. W. Hughes, our new clergyman, gathered a number of his congregation at an impromptu reception in the pretty little church, and, since people have come here from all over the interior, I met a number of old friends. Then we ran hastily over the town, and that same night reëmbarked and departed, feeling like tourists indeed and Cook's tourists at that. The bishop stayed over several days, but we left with the ship, very sorry to part with him, but rejoiced to have been fortunate enough to have met him again on the coast.

With the Foreign Secretary in Alaska

Then the *Alaska* retraced her journey to Seward, and the next morning passed round into that other great arm of the sea, Prince William's Sound. Still we had fair but not clear weather, and, passing the island of Latouche

in the early morning, at noon were at Valdez, with its glacier gleaming behind it, for half an hour's stay. A hasty visit to the church of the Epiphany, where we saw with great interest the clever copy made in Italy of a pre-Raphaelite painting of the Adoration of the Magi, used as an altar piece—a most unusual treasure for an Alaskan church—a hurried walk through the town, and we embarked again,

with the genuine tourist feeling still more strongly pronounced. A few more hours took us to Cordova, where the Reverend Eustace Ziegler met us and did the honours of the town he has so long and so faithfully served. We enjoyed Mrs. Ziegler's hospitality and inspected the famous Red Dragon, its walls bright with many of the rector's admirable water-colour and oil sketches; a church on Sunday, a reading room and club house all the week. This is a work with which my readers are familiar and it is known far and wide in Alaska, and with favour.

And here the tour ended, so far as the present writer's history of it is concerned, for Dr. Wood left on his return to the United States after one day's stay, and I left shortly after on my return to the interior. Some of the best of my travelling was yet to come, and I hope, some of the best of the secretary's, for as he came up the Inside Passage on his way to the Yukon the glories of that picturesque waterway were almost as completely concealed as the northwestern coast had been of late. I could tell of the astonishing Copper River Railway, of the Kennecott mine, where they have the richest copper ore in the world, and the most graciously hospitable manager in the world also; where I preached to the miners, who flocked to hear me because they thought I was a moving-picture show (and some of them flocked out again when they found I wasn't); where I went up on an aerial tramway 4,000 feet in the air, my legs dangling out of an ore bucket, and then climbed a ridge another 800 feet and had a wonderful wide view of mountains, one very distant peak of which I was assured was Saint Elias (I have since worked out the distance and the direction on a map and I really think it was). I could tell of a splendid clear day in the automobile stage when from morning till night I had brilliant views of Mounts Blackburn and Wrangel, Sanford and Drum, constantly re-grouping themselves as we sped swiftly along, till the first two faded in the distance and the alpenglow lingered upon the last two, and when it died, left them a lovely dead mauve against a violet sky; a day that made up for all the fog of the North Pacific (even though we broke two springs and cracked the frame of the machine). I could tell of all this and much more, only that I cannot possibly drag the secretary in, and so must let it alone.

Let me add this; while the prime purpose of Dr. Wood's visit was that he might inform himself about the missions in Alaska, the tour accomplished much more; it left behind it encouragement and hopefulness all along the line; it gave the renewed vigour and zeal that come from the consciousness of being understood; and with some it began a new friendship, and with others it deepened an old affection, for a strong, kindly and sympathetic personality—as good a travelling companion as the bishop himself, and I can give no higher praise than that.



CLERGY AND CHOIR IN PROCESSION

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI AND THE CHURCH

By Bishop Restarick



THE first American bishop of Honolulu celebrated the Holy Communion at Saint Andrew's Cathedral at seven a. m., on August 10, 1902, and Queen Liliuokalani was present and communicated. Some days after this he called at Washington Place by appointment and she stated in welcoming him that she sincerely hoped the Church would prosper and grow.

On subsequent calls upon the Queen, as everyone here called her, she talked of the overthrow of the monarchy and expressed herself calmly and with resignation.

She was for years, after our coming, a regular attendant at the Hawaiian Service at the cathedral. She always had with her certain attendants who sat in the seat behind her. The service at that time was all in Hawaiian but portions of it are now in English because the young people understand little of the language of their parents. The Queen had been brought up in the Congregational Mission and it was after the revolution, when she was a prisoner in the palace, that Bishop Willis ministered to her in her trouble. She frequently stated that Bishop Willis had been a great comfort and help to her. The sons of the old missionaries were largely instrumental in bringing about the overthrow and she naturally felt this, al-

Queen Liliuokalani and the Church



QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

though before her death her friendship for them had returned and she showed her confidence and trust in them in many ways.

She was confirmed in Saint Andrew's Cathedral on May 13, 1896. She became the president of the Hawaiian Guild which was organized in 1902 and when she could no longer take an active part she became the honorary president and remained so until her death. She told the bishop that she often came to church when she was not very well, for the sake of example. She was interested in the work of raising an endowment for the Hawaiian pastorate and was always a regular contributor towards the support of the church, giving also generously to special objects.

In 1906 she laid the cornerstone of the Davies Memorial Hall and Parish House. Theophilus H. Davies, in whose memory the building was erected by his children, had been a sincere friend of the Hawaiian people and the Queen. From 1902 she usually

was present when Saint Andrew's Priory had its closing exercises. The last time she did so was in 1915, since then she was seldom seen in public.

The Reverend Leopold Kroll, priest-in-charge of the Hawaiian work, frequently called upon the Queen and enjoyed her confidence. It was customary to address her as "Your Majesty", and this was done by Americans as well as others. For some months the Queen had been failing but she became seriously ill only a few days before her death. The bishop went with Mr. Kroll to Washington Place and next day, Friday, November ninth, he and Mr. Kroll held services at her bedside, Prince and Princess Kalaniana'ole and a few others being present.

She died on Sunday, November eleventh, at 8:30 a. m. and the bishop was requested by the prince to officiate at the burial. A Church service was held on Monday night at Washington Place before the body was removed to Kawaiaha'o Church where Hawaiian monarchs since Kamehameha II have been laid in state. An-



LEAVING THE PALACE



KAHILI BEARERS

A kahili is made of feathers tied at the end of a wooden staff and is a sign of dignity and rank

other service at which the cathedral Hawaiian choir sang was held before the body was removed to the throne room in the palace from which all the deceased members of the Kalakaua royal line had been buried.

Many of the old customs of the Hawaiians were observed while the body lay in state. Old Hawaiians chanted the deeds of her ancestors and the events of her life and many women and men in choruses sang wonderfully pathetic music every night until her burial. In charge of Hawaiians who knew ancient customs, arrangements were made for a dignified burial. The ancient *kahilis* had been placed in order around the coffin from the time of her death, and they were carried in procession when she was moved until she reached her final resting place, as was also the *tabu* stick, beyond which, in ancient times, it meant death to go.

The bishop and Mr. Kroll took the service, the cathedral Hawaiian choir singing the musical portions. The throne room was the scene of strange

magnificence and one which will never again be witnessed. The procession which led to the royal mausoleum was simply wonderful; there were 2,000 United States troops, there were 1,500 women in Hawaiian societies, there were schools of Hawaiian children including Saint Andrew's Priory, and then just preceding the catafalque the choir, the bishop and the clergy, the catafalque itself being drawn by 204 Hawaiian men dressed in white. Arriving at the mausoleum the heavy *koa* casket was placed at its entrance and there the old Hawaiian retainers gave expression to their feelings by wailing in that pathetic and soul stirring use of the voice which is different from anything heard elsewhere.

At the close of the service the choir sang *Peace Perfect Peace* and the band played *Aloha Oe*, the Queen's own composition, and then the bandsmen sang the words of the refrain. In the vault with her brother Kalakaua and others of the family, the last monarch of Hawaii was laid to rest.



SAINT ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL, SHANGHAI
The four nurses who received diplomas with—from left to right—Miss Wells, Miss Lenhart and Dr. Fullerton

TRAINING CHINESE NURSES

By S. N. McRae



TRAINING SCHOOL
FOR NURSES

TO appreciate real cleanliness one must see real dirt and any one who has lived in China has no trouble in doing that. Although Avenue Road, where Saint Elizabeth's Hospital is situated, is in the foreign concession of Shanghai it is almost as filthy in spots as a street in a native Chinese city. So it is at once a surprise and pleasure to escape from that noisy, dirty thoroughfare into the mission compound and to go inside a really clean, up-to-date hospital. Here we find not only the main building with crowded wards and a dispensary where two large clinics are held every day, but also a new dormitory for Chinese nurses and, most wonderful of all, real trained Chinese nurses. Now unless you have been to China and seen the Chinese in their homes, and I regret to say, Chinese servants in your own home, you can have no idea what a task one has when one undertakes to teach Chinese girls to do things in a clean and hygienic way. However it is just this that the foreign staff at Saint Elizabeth's have been trying to do and really succeeded in accomplishing. This year four Chinese girls completed a three-year course which compares very favorably with a nursing course in America. These girls have Chinese text-books and regular lectures and recitations beside all the practical work in the wards and operating room. They can take care of a typhoid patient or prepare for an operation perfectly.

The graduation of these girls, and two boys from Saint Luke's Hospital, was one of the most interesting ceremonies I have been to in China. The

first part of the programme consisted of a service in Saint Peter's Church, which is on the same compound as the hospital. A long procession entered the main door, headed by the Chinese boy crucifer. Then came the doctors and nurses, foreign and Chinese, of both hospitals, then the Chinese choir boys, two clergy and the bishop. The processional hymn was *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. After that a shortened form of Evening Prayer was said by Mr. Tai and Mr. McRae, with the hymns *Lord, Speak to Me* and *At Even ere the Sun Was Set*. Then came the bishop's address and the presentation of the diplomas to the graduates. The recessional was *Rejoice ye Pure in Heart*. After that the large congregation of Chinese and foreigners adjourned to the girls' day school where the secular part of the exercises was held. This consisted of speeches by Dr. Tyau of Saint Luke's and Dr. Waung, one of the leading Chinese women doctors in China. There was a solo by Miss Cartwright and two songs by the Saint Elizabeth's nurses. After a few closing words from Mr. McRae, the chaplain of Saint Luke's, we all adjourned amid the firing of giant fire crackers, always a symbol of joy to the Chinese.

This is a short account of one short afternoon, but that afternoon was the culmination of three years' hard work. It is not so hard to get hold of Chinese girls who want to be nurses. The difficulty is to get American women who are willing to come out to China to train them. One of our Saint Luke's nurses has to leave on account of her health; others will soon have to go home on a much needed furlough. And we must have new ones to take their places. Who will come out to help us?

COMMENCEMENT DAY AT SAINT JOHN'S UNIVERSITY

By James A. Mitchell



THE CLOCK
TOWER.

THIRTY-SIX young men received degrees at the twenty-first annual commencement of Saint John's University, Shanghai. This is the largest class in the history of the university. Thirteen graduates were granted the degree of bachelor

of arts, and nineteen that of bachelor of science. In addition, diplomas were given to five graduates of the school of theology, two of whom will receive the degree of bachelor of divinity on the completion of their first year of service in the ministry. Seventeen students completed the course in the school of Chinese literature and received diplomas. There was no graduating class this year in the school of medicine.

The exercises were held in the open air on the beautiful south lawn of the university, a clump of bamboo making a most effective background for the platform with its decorations of flowers, and Chinese and American flags. The actual exercises were preceded by a Boy Scout exhibition of tent-pitching, skirmishing, Chinese boxing, fife and drum, and signalling, and by a review of the university battalion. Both exhibitions were most effective, the Boy Scouts showing great efficiency in all their work and the cadets in their white summer uniforms performing all their evolutions with military precision. The battalion was inspected by Mr. C. H. Chu, Commissioner of Foreign Affairs in Shanghai.

After tea had been served the guests adjourned to the south lawn for the commencement exercises. Bishop Graves opened with prayer, and Dr. Pott then made an introductory speech and a number of announcements: the class of 1913 had during the past year presented the new gates which stand at the entrance to the grounds; 1917 was to give a section of fence to adjoin the gates; and 1916 had subscribed for the erection of two flagpoles which would be set up during the next year. But the most important announcement regarding gifts was that the students and alumni had each raised in full their quota of the fund for the erection of the Cooper Memorial Gymnasium.

There followed the distribution of prizes, including a large number of cups and medals for oratory, translation, debating, essays, Chinese and English, fiction, scholarship, excellence in drill, tennis, and athletics. Saint John's students had won first and second prizes in a health essay competition open to all China, and they were granted the medals at this time. A special medal was granted by the faculty to a student of the senior class who had shown great courage and presence of mind in attempting to rescue a number of students who fell into the creek.

The addresses of the day were by Mr. C. H. Chu and Mr. Thomas Sammons, the United States Consul-General for Shanghai.

An honorary degree of bachelor of arts was granted to Mr. O. Z. Li, who for many years has faithfully performed his duties as registrar of the university. The proceedings closed with the Chinese national anthem.



CANAL AND CITY WALL AT WUSIH

THE STORY OF LING-AH-PAN

By Claude M. Lee, M.D.



ONE day a farmer in China was digging away in his field. He was a strong, healthy fellow, and as the four long tines of his heavy hoe sank into the soft soil he chanted a song a thousand years old. The words, strung together when men across the flat plain on which he stood were building thick walls for the city and digging the canals over which boats carried his rice and wheat to market, meant little to him. He only knew that he felt well and happy, that on sunny days when the rice was all in his father had sung those same words as he put in his winter wheat. Perhaps they brought good luck. So he sang away.

His *koo-ts*, or trousers, were belted close to his waist with a broad woven girdle, from which swung his tobacco box and pipe, with its reed stem. He had on a short, loose *toen-san*, the width of it between the armholes giving free play to his muscles. His legs were bare and his feet were shod in straw sandals.

When he had finished digging the small bit of land that was his farm, he strode away to a vat near at hand and filled his two buckets with a semi-liquid manure. He took up a strong piece of split bamboo, hooked the handles of the buckets at either end of it and swung his right shoulder under the middle of the bamboo. Steadying it with his right hand he swayed away with his heavy load to his wheat sowing. There he took a small bucket, held rigid on a long handle, and sprayed the freshly dug earth with the fluid. Walking nearer to where his

The Story of Ling-Ah-pan

hoe lay with sharp steel points slanting obliquely upward he hastened his steps as the sun sank lower and he knew how quickly night comes.

Almost his last step forward his foot slipped, and the keen edge of the long shining tine nearest him drove upward and inward into the fleshy part of his leg, grating sickeningly against the bone. Not a wide open cut, but a punctured wound, from which dark blue blood welled slowly. Not greatly hurt for the moment he reached behind him and snatched a handful of moist loam from his field and plastered it well over the wound, pressing it in. Then home he limped, finding great comfort there, though but a hut with a dirt floor, as he gulped down great bowls of steaming rice.

He slept heavily that night, but arose next morning with his leg slightly swollen. Now and then he had a dull ache in the muscles of his leg, but he could still hobble around. His wife killed a white chicken—a feathery topknot on its head and the legs invisible in a fringe of feathers, below which its black feet stuck out. This she split in two, and still warm it was bound on the injured leg.

That evening the farmer was heavy and irritable. When night came he took to his bed, but he could not sleep. For two more days and nights he suffered. His leg swelled more and more. A red line spread up his thigh, and a mass appeared in his groin. The village doctors came and poulticed the limb; some drove in needles; one stuck in half the length of his needle, and around the projecting portion wrapped oil-soaked lint which he set on fire, causing the whole needle to become almost red hot. Nothing seemed to make the sufferer any better, so a neighbor said, "I have a relative who was sick and was cured in the foreign hospital in this city. Try that."

After talking for hours—consulting the elders of the village, the ancients of the family, and the all-important

eldest son, a lad of eighteen years—they brought the flat *sampan* to the landing on the canal. A door was removed from the slats, that so loudly proclaim themselves as hinges whenever the door is opened. The silent, stoical sufferer was laid on a thick cotton quilt, and borne on the door as on a stretcher was carried on board the boat. The long, tail-like oar at the stern of the boat was set in motion by powerful arms and the sick man was rowed into the city.

In through the south water gate, under the *Nen-z-Jan*, the great arched stone bridge near the entrance of Saint Andrew's Hospital, Wusih, they passed and tied up at the landing.

An emergency case such as this is quickly admitted to our wards. The patient is stripped, his clothes returned to his family, or locked up outside the hospital, he gets a sponge bath, with a hair cut if he will allow it, then into a clean suit of clothes. Meanwhile swift relief to his pain has come from a hypodermic. His pain, almost without the threshold of his consciousness, is now very bearable. His account of his injury and its subsequent history is taken down as he is prepared for operation.

When all is ready he is given chloroform, a near relative watching every step in the proceedings and noting the almost natural slumber that comes. The keen knife does its work painlessly, soft drains are put in, and a soothing, moist dressing is applied. It is all quickly done, and the awakening of the farmer is full of a tremendous sense of bodily comfort, because his pain is gone. An uneventful recovery marks the case as the man's strong constitution throws off the poison from his system.

This is almost the exact story of many who have passed through the wards of Saint Andrew's Hospital. If any of your money, or if your prayers have gone to the aid of this work, are you not glad?

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

THE meeting of the Board on December twelfth was largely attended, every section of the country being represented and a number of visitors present. Among the latter was the Venerable A. W. S. Garden, arch-deacon of West Texas, who made an interesting and important address on conditions in the Province of the Southwest. Mr. Garden spoke as the representative of every bishop in the province. His report was referred to the executive committee with power to act.

In the absence of Bishop Lloyd, who is on his way to Liberia, Bishop Lines was elected to the chair. This being the time for the annual election of committees, all the present members of the executive committee, the committee on Audit and Finance and the Trust Funds Committee were re-elected. Bishops Talbot of Bethlehem and Thomas of Wyoming were elected to fill vacancies on the executive committee. The Reverend R. Bland Mitchell, who has been assisting the president in the furthering of the One Day's Income Plan, was elected a secretary of the Board.

During the luncheon hour the Board heard a most interesting address from the Reverend Dr. C. H. Patton, a secretary of one of the sub-committees of the Edinburgh Conference, on Christian literature in foreign mission fields. A great reading public is being developed and very little Christian literature is being produced to meet it. Unfortunately secular agencies are bringing out reading matter of a most undesirable kind. Dr. Patton made a number of suggestions which were referred to the executive committee who will consider ways in which our Board can respond to this need.

The most important action taken by the Board was the authorization given to Bishop McKim and Dr.

Teusler to proceed with the building of at least three units of Saint Luke's International Hospital, Tokyo, in the Spring. A fine piece of ground has been secured for the new hospital, occupying a whole block in the very heart of Tokyo. Just across from this property we have also purchased about an acre and a half for a teaching school. In addressing the Board, Dr. Teusler said: "This new property is entirely surrounded by roads and its ease of access to the river will make it particularly desirable for clinical work, because we can establish ambulance boats which will touch the big factories up and down the river. This clinical work is important, because our chief usefulness will be found in the success we meet with in training Japanese doctors to be Christian doctors."

The offer of Saint Luke's to the United States Government as a base unit has been formally accepted. It is well within probabilities that we shall have to use Saint Luke's for Red Cross purposes during the coming year. "If Japan is sent to the front, Saint Luke's Hospital will have a unique opportunity to be of use to the nation."

In view of the fact that the Right Reverend Francis Key Brooke, D.D., celebrates his twenty-fifth anniversary as Bishop of Oklahoma on the Feast of the Epiphany, the Board adopted a message of congratulation to him which will be found in full on page 8.

As the next regular meeting of the Board would fall on Ash Wednesday, it was voted to hold that meeting on February sixth, and the February meeting of the executive committee on the fifth.

At the meeting of the executive committee which preceded the December meeting of the Board several appointments to the mission field were made, which are noted on page 60.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

W. C. STURGIS, PH.D., SECRETARY

FROM all accounts, the Missionary Exhibit recently held in Cleveland, under the title of *The World in Cleveland*, was a pronounced success. The Episcopal Church was made responsible for the China and Alaska booths, and while the major portion of the material in these booths was furnished by our own Board, others also contributed. Officers of the Board went to Cleveland for the Sunday preceding the exhibit and made addresses in the various churches. Six of our missionaries, either retired or on furlough, were present in the booths during the entire week, meeting inquirers, explaining the exhibit, holding meetings and delivering stereopticon lectures. Missionary literature and articles of handiwork from the mission field formed part of the exhibit and found a ready sale. While all of the various communions joined in the enterprise, the consensus of opinion gave to the Reverend R. W. Woodroffe, rector of Emmanuel Church, the largest share of individual credit for its success.



Following up the recent missionary campaign in Syracuse, Utica and Rome, N. Y., a committee of the Clerical Club of Syracuse has arranged for a series of missionary addresses, to be held in centrally located churches on Thursday evenings at 8.15, from January tenth to February seventh inclusive. In each parish in Syracuse a committee of ten men has been appointed to round up the men for these meetings. The meetings will be in the form of a short service followed by a talk on some definite field of the Church's Mission. They will be preceded by a meeting for men, to discuss

the general topic of the Church's Mission. Each evening's discussion will be held in the same place where the missionary meeting for that evening is held, and will begin at 7.30 and last until 8.15. This is the first serious effort, so far as I know, to derive permanent results from a missionary campaign, at least within our own Communion. It is also notable as having originated in one of the campaign cities and in having, as its primary aim, the gathering of men into meetings for discussing the Church's Mission. The plan should be feasible anywhere even apart from a campaign.



Suggestions for eight programme meetings based on Board Course II for this year have recently been issued from the diocese of Bethlehem. They provide for eight weekly meetings, and are designed to include, at each meeting, a written paper on some aspect of scriptural teaching concerning the missionary enterprise of the Church as given in Course II, followed by a prepared talk on some specific field of the Church's Mission today, for which *Then and Now* provides the material. The programmes as suggested are no more than a list of topics and might well be expanded; but, even in their present form, they are extremely suggestive. The leaflet may be obtained from Miss Laura F. Boyer, Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

The present Curator of the Lantern Slide Depository for Province I is Miss Helen N. Mower, 1 Joy Street, Boston.

The Curator of the Depository for Provinces V and VI is Mrs. R. W. Woodroffe, 8614 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Hereafter, all requests for lantern slides in the three Provinces mentioned should be sent to the Curators.

NEWS AND NOTES

BISHOP Charles D. Williams of Michigan, who has just returned from France, says that there are over forty thousand Chinese laborers working to restore the devastated regions of Belgium and France.



THE training of native nurses is one of the most important branches of mission work. Especially do our missionaries in China testify to the peculiar value of this service. (See "Training Chinese Nurses", page 49 of this issue.) Any graduate nurses who are interested in helping to meet this need may receive full particulars by writing to Dr. John W. Wood, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



THE November issue of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS contained a letter from Mr. Paul Shimmon setting forth the acute needs of his countrymen, the Syrians and Armenians, and pointing out the peculiar responsibility of our Church to these people. Mr. Shimmon will be glad to address congregations and other gatherings on this subject. Address him at Assyrian Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.



BISHOP ROWE and his family have had a providential escape. On his return from a visitation to Juneau and other points in Southeastern Alaska, the bishop, who was accompanied by Mrs. Rowe and his infant son Paul, took passage in the *Mariposa*. At 5.40 on a dark rainy morning the steamer went on a reef at full speed. Fortunately there was little sea on and no wind, and the passengers were landed on an island some two miles away, from which they were rescued some seven hours afterward. The bishop writes: "We suffered no harm. I lost one suit case and my set of robes has been ruined by the water, but that is all."

WE herewith tender our thanks to all who kindly responded to the call for copies of the November issue. We now have a request for a number of copies of the January, April and August, 1917, issues also. Will those who can spare any of these kindly send them to Room 51, 281 4th Ave., N. Y.



ONE of our missionaries in Utah has been working for three weeks as a laborer in one of the large copper plants to get to know the men and their point of view—and incidentally to earn three dollars a day for Armenian and Syrian relief. He says: "It has been a wonderful experience and one a missionary should go through at an industrial center before trying to preach to the men."



ACCORDING to the incomplete records available through the mailing list of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, at least 217 of our clergy have entered the Federal service as chaplains, Y. M. C. A. workers, members of hospital and ambulance corps, and as students in officers' training camps. In the last three weeks thirty-one changes have come in from clergy who have temporarily left their posts to enter the Federal service.



A RECENT letter from Dr. Pott tells of the need of a new Hammond typewriter for the Low Library at Saint John's University, Shanghai. In view of the special work to which it will be put the machine will necessarily be fitted with some unusual features. The cost, including all equipment, shipping and insurance charges, will be \$97.50. Will anyone who would like to give this amount, or to help in giving it, drop a line to Dr. John W. Wood, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.?

FOR the first time in the history of the Virginia Theological Seminary a native of Palestine is studying for Orders. Mr. Tewfik David Harari is the son of a native missionary and the grandson of the first Christian convert in Damascus. When the war broke out Mr. Harari, who was a teacher, was thrown into prison by the Turks. With the help of a friend he escaped and hid himself in a forest where he was found by some travelling Americans. Through their influence and guidance he came to this country and entered the seminary. He expects to be ordained next June, a candidate from the diocese of Virginia.



ACTING as diocesan chaplain of West Texas, under the direction of Bishop Capers, whose appointment has been confirmed by the War Commission of the Church, the Reverend Lee W. Heaton has opened an office at 424 Gunter Building, San Antonio, where he is endeavoring to keep a record of all Churchmen in the service of the Nation who are stationed within the borders of the diocese. His field covers Camp Travis, Fort Sam Houston, the Kelly Aviation Fields, Camp Stanley, Fort Clark, Fort Ringgold and the border camps. Mr. Heaton is prepared to receive communications regarding men stationed in these places and will make an earnest effort to keep them in touch with the Church and minister as far as possible to their needs. Through the clergy of the city of San Antonio a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion is had in all of the camps located near the city.

Mr. Heaton asks that in addressing inquiries, specific directions be given as regards the number of the regiment, number or letter of the squadron or company, and such other information as will assist him to locate the person whom it is desired to reach. This is very necessary as there are about one hundred thousand men now in the service in this diocese.

HER many friends in this country will be rejoiced to hear of the miraculous escape from death or permanent injury of Miss Blanche E. L. Massé, of our Philippine Mission, in the Mountain Province. While on her way alone to visit the school at Baguen Miss Massé's pony backed off the mountain trail in a place where it was steep and overhanging. When she recovered consciousness she found herself on a ledge thirty feet down the mountain, with no one in sight. Although badly bruised, and with several bones broken, she managed to crawl back to the trail, where an Igorot line-man fortunately came by. With his help she reached the Sagada mission house. As the native doctor attached to the mission was away, preparations were made at once for taking her on a cot to the hospital at Manila. The journey was a long and difficult one, but on the evening of the fourth day Mrs. Staunton and Señor Fasferré, who accompanied her, had the satisfaction of leaving her to the ministrations of Dr. Saleeby and Deaconess Massey in Saint Luke's Hospital. The latest accounts from Manila tell of Miss Massé's hope that she will soon be able to return to Sagada.



WAR AND THE MISSION STAFF

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS would express its deep sympathy with Mr. William McCarthy, of Saint Paul's School, Anking, China, whose son has been killed "somewhere in France". Mr. Herbert Chappell, son of our missionary in the district of Tokyo, Japan, has been wounded in France, but is expected to recover. Mr. James H. Pott, son of the president of Saint John's University, Shanghai, and himself the principal of Saint Paul's School, has resigned for the term of the war and enlisted in the United States Aviation Corps.

Two other sons of Dr. Pott are already with our forces.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

THE REVEREND F. J. CLARK, SECRETARY

THE secretary has just returned from a most profitable trip through California where he represented the Church in ten conventions under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. He was one of a team of about fifteen speakers representing the various communions. Our own Church was represented also by the Reverend A. R. Hoare, our missionary from Point Hope, Alaska, who was with us for the first three conventions and made a most favorable impression; and Deaconess Julia A. Clark of Ichang, China, who was with us for the others and did invaluable work especially in the women's meetings. Both Mr. Hoare and Deaconess Clark had a prominent place on the general programme and made the principal addresses at the conference of our own people. These conventions included not only meetings for men but also a parallel gathering for women. This is a departure for the Laymen's Missionary Movement and was felt by all to be a great success.

At the ten conventions there were 8,500 paid registrations and a total attendance of more than ten thousand. Our own Church people co-operated most heartily in them in practically every place. The most important meetings of all were the denominational conferences. Of our Church people, 536 came together in these meetings and talked over the plans of the Board and how those plans might be applied by the parish, working out not only their parochial programmes but the world-wide enterprise.

The fact that Bishop Nichols came up from San Francisco to San Jose to attend a conference of our people in

that city and made a most remarkable address on the subject of *Stewardship* was greatly appreciated by all. Bishop Sanford was present at both Modesto and Hanford. In Hanford, Deaconess Clark and the secretary had the pleasure of addressing the district meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary. In Whittier, in the diocese of Los Angeles, the secretary was invited to speak at the convocation of Los Angeles and presented the subject of the *Missionary Campaign*. The bishop and dean are now asking for a missionary campaign in the city of Los Angeles which will probably be carried out in May.

This is the secretary's first experience of a missionary meeting coming in competition with a circus—and winning. At San Bernardino while on his way to speak at the women's convention he was delayed by a circus parade. He thought there would be a very slim attendance, but to his great surprise, on coming to the church he found it crowded to its capacity, fully seven hundred women being present. From that meeting he went to the church where he was to speak at the men's meeting. He thought this would surely be the acid test, for would the men be able to resist the appeal of a circus in order to hear a missionary address? On entering the church, however, he found the largest attendance of men that had been recorded at any afternoon meeting up to that time. This is but indicative of the spirit in which these conventions were received by the people of California.

The work is to be followed up by the organization of mission study classes so that the good effects will not be lost.

THE LITERATURE OF MISSIONS

BOOK REVIEWS

Thrice Through the Dark Continent. J. DuPlessis, B.A., B.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price \$4.50.

The subtitle of DuPlessis' latest book indicates its geographical scope. It is "a record of journeyings across Africa during the years 1913-16". The route pursued covers the Gold Coast, Kamerun, Nigeria, the Belgian Congo, Uganda, British East Africa, Rhodesia and Nyasaland—in a word, Dr. Paton's well-known "Zone of Christian Advance". Since Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent*—now out of date—no book of African travel has appeared which gives so full and accurate a picture of African life and native customs, arts and industries as does this volume. The author is a professor in the Dutch Reformed Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch, South Africa, and he knows Africa as the field of Christian activity and present opportunity. But his present volume does not pretend to be a history of these activities. They are touched upon incidentally, but the main value of the book is that it provides a background for the intelligent study of African Missions. As such it is one of the few modern books which are essential to the study of that subject. The book is liberally illustrated and contains an excellent route-map. An index to supplement the table of contents would have been a useful addition.

Those who have followed Archdeacon Stuck in his fascinating *Ascent of Denali and Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled* will look forward with keen anticipation to reading his narrative of summer travel in Alaska, *Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries*, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. We hope to publish an extended review of this volume next month.

The twenty-fifth annual report of the Girls' Friendly Society of Western New York is a remarkable record of missionary activities, in addition to the help given in parochial and social service matters. Over two hundred dollars in cash and nearly five hundred in the value of boxes have been given. The two missions which received the bulk of the gifts were those at Allá-

kaket, Alaska, where Miss Pumphrey was at work, and the new mission among Indians at San Juan, New Mexico, under the charge of Miss M. C. Peters, both G. F. S. workers. Bishop Howden requested that the latter gift should be a memorial to Bishop Walker "in recognition of his splendid work among the Indians of North Dakota".

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Last Weapon. Theodora Wilson Wilson. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. Price, 25 cents, paper; 60 cents, cloth.

My Ideals of Religion. Walter J. Carey, M.A., R.N. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. Price, 40 cents.

All the World. No. 1. (A book of 127 missionary pictures, suitable for cutting out and for scrap-books.) Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price, 10 cents.

The Dawn of a New Religious Era and Other Essays. Dr. Paul Carus. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.00.

Does Christ Still Heal? Henry B. Wilson, B.D. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price, \$1.00.

Spirit Power. May Thirza Churchill. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price 60 cents.

The Religious Foundations of America. Charles Lemuel Thompson, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

The Blessed Birthday. A Christmas Miracle Play. Florence Converse. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price 75 cents.

Thirty Years With the Mexicans. Alden Buell Case. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

Inter-American Acquaintances. Charles Lyon Chandler. University Press of Seewanee, Tennessee. Price, \$1.25.

The Presbyterian Church and the War. Programs of Service. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

IMPERATIVE NEEDS

The Board of Missions has authorized a number of special appeals. Notes regarding some of these will be found on this page from month to month.

Who Will Help Meet Them?

Kumagaya, Japan. This fund has unfortunately not made much progress during the past month. \$8,000 needed; \$2,760 given or pledged.

St. Timothy's Parish House, Tokyo, Japan. This fund increased by just one-third during November. \$5,000 are needed; \$1,230 received.

Porto Rico. The most urgent of the many needs for this district just now is for \$3,000 or \$4,000 to complete the fund for building at Mayaguez.

The Church at Hiroasaki, Japan. The promise of the last \$1,000 still holds good, but in order to secure the money the fund must be completed speedily. \$2,726 are in hand in cash. \$1,274 are, therefore, needed to complete the \$5,000 fund.

Southern Cross School, Porto Alegre, Brazil. It is hoped that the Southern Cross School will soon be cleared of debt. Another pressing need in Brazil, however, that for Trinity Church, Meyer, for which \$8,000 is needed, has not been answered as rapidly as we anticipated.

Church General Hospital, Wuchang, China. No one has yet taken advantage of the opportunity to make a memorial gift of \$8,500 to build the

Men's Wing. Progress has been made on the general fund. To December first \$122,000 had been given or pledged, leaving \$38,000 needed to complete the \$160,000 asked for.

The Shitaya Mission, Tokyo, Japan. What will Mr. Goto say when we tell him that only \$30 was received during November to build up that important work among Tokyo's "submerged tenth"? Mr. Goto has faith that the American Church will give \$10,000. Only \$710 has been received so far.

Changsha, China. The Reverend Walworth Tyng has asked for \$18,000 for land and buildings. We have received a number of generous pledges, but so far only \$51 in cash has come in. The opportunity in Changsha is unusual. There is no better center for evangelistic work in the whole of China than right in this great provincial capital.

St. Agnes's School, Kyoto, Japan. The fund is steadily increasing. To December first a little more than \$49,000 had been given and pledged. It is not possible as yet to report upon the offerings from the Woman's Auxiliary during the last week of the Pilgrimage of Prayer, but there is good hope that the full \$21,000 needed will be given.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONCERNING SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of speakers is published. When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to the Right Reverend A. S. Lloyd, D.D., 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Church Missions House Staff—The president and secretaries of the Board are always ready, so far as possible, to respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Secretaries of Provinces—**II.** Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York. **III.** Rev. William C. Hicks, 1311 G Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. **IV.** Rev. R. W. Patton, D.D., P. O. Box 845, Atlanta, Ga. **VI.** Rev. C. C. Rollit, D.D., Saint Mark's Parish House, Minneapolis, Minn.

Alaska—Miss E. F. Jackson (in Eighth Province), Miss E. G. Pumphrey.

China: Anking—Rev. Amos Goddard.

Hankow—Deaconess Julia Clark, Deaconess Edith Hart, Miss Helen Hendricks (address: 5845 Drexel Avenue, Chicago), Miss Helen Littell (address: 147 Park Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.), Rev. Walworth Tyng (address: 32 Burroughs Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.), Mrs. Walworth Tyng (in First Province).

Shanghai—Miss M. A. Bremer, Miss Annie Brown, Miss L. S. Hammond.

Japan: Tokyo—Deaconess E. G. Newbold.

Mountain Work—Rev. George Hilton, of Morgantown, N. C. (during January), Rev. G. P. Mayo, of Virginia (during January).

Philippines—Rev. C. W. Clash, Miss E. T. Hicks.

South Dakota—Bishop Burleson (address 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.).

Wyoming—Rev. R. H. Balcom (address: 136 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.).

Work Among Negroes—Archdeacon Russell, Lawrenceville, Va.; Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Portsmouth, Va.; Rev. A. B. Hunter, Raleigh, N. C.; Archdeacon Baskerville, Charleston, S. C.

CONCERNING MISSIONARIES

Alaska—Rev. Guy H. Madara resigned from the Alaska field on December 1 and has taken a parish in St. Clair, Pa.

Anking—Miss Velma E. Woods, on regular furlough, arrived in Pomona, Cal., on December 6.

Haiti—Rev. Albert R. Llwyd was appointed commissary to Bishop Colmore on November 13.

Hankow—Deaconess K. E. Phelps resigned on October 1. She is now at St. Faith's House, New York.

Kyoto—Miss S. P. Peck, returning after furlough, sailed November 20.

Rev. J. J. Chapman left the field on furlough November 30.

Philippines—Bishop Brent arrived in Vancouver November 12 and sailed from New York on November 25 for work in France.

Mrs. Julia L. Young (in the field), and Miss Ida L. Lusk were appointed by the Executive Committee on December 11, under the U. O. W. A. Miss Lusk goes to Saint Luke's Hospital, Manila.

Miss Eleanor Gale, resigning, arrived in this country in November.

Deaconess Hargreaves, returning after furlough, sailed November 20.

Porto Rico—Bishop Colmore sailed from New York on November 24.

Miss Etta L. Robbins has resigned from St. Luke's Hospital, Ponce, dating from December 1.

Miss Marie L. Gumble, newly appointed nurse to St. Luke's Hospital, Ponce, sailed on November 24.

Shanghai—Miss Anita A. Boone has resigned from work in Shanghai and will reside with the Sisters of St. Anne in Wuchang.

Tokyo—Miss Carol M. Rix, new appointee, arrived in the field on October 30.

Miss Flora M. Bristowe, en route for England, arrived in Transvaal, South Africa, on September 25.

Rev. C. S. Reifsnider, LL.D., arrived in Yokohama on November 6.

Mrs. A. W. Cooke also reached the field on November 6.

Rev. and Mrs. N. S. Binsted have arrived in Tokyo.

Rev. and Mrs. R. W. Andrews reached Yokohama on November 28 after regular furlough.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Welbourn, returning after furlough, sailed on December 10.

How Our Church Came to Our Country

XXV. HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO DELAWARE

By Bishop Kinsman

I. The Settlement of Delaware

THE territory bordering the lower Delaware and Delaware Bay, extending from Pennsylvania to Cape Henlopen, was settled successively by Dutch, Swedes and English. Here as elsewhere the settlers brought their religion with them and established missions of the European Churches in which they had been reared. The Dutch, first at Swaanendael (Lewes) in 1635, and later at Nieu Amstel (New Castle) held Dutch Reformed services; the Swedes at Christina (Wilmington) in 1638 started a mission of the Swedish Lutheran Church; the English, occupying more of the country as the seventeenth century advanced, began English services, those of the Church of England, of the English Presbyterians, and of the Quakers. The proprietorship of this territory was disputed by William Penn and the heirs of Lord Baltimore. Did this west shore of the river and bay belong to Maryland or to Pennsylvania? The former seemed likely; but Penn much wished to control the approach from the sea to Philadelphia; and after involved litigation in England, decision was given in his favor. Henceforth, "the three lower Counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex upon Delaware" were regarded as part of the Colony of Pennsylvania, yet though annexed, they never became closely attached. They always asserted and preserved a certain degree of independence of the larger colony, and at their first opportunity established the

right to be regarded as a separate colony and eventually a separate state. Its colonial history is, therefore, closely connected with that of Pennsylvania, and its whole development affected and determined by the relations of the three counties, New Castle, Kent and Sussex, its constituent parts.

The history of our Church properly begins with the establishing of Church of England missions in each of the Counties; but it is necessary also to notice the Swedish mission in Christina of which we are the direct heirs. The Swedes settled what is now Wilmington in 1638. Lutheran missionaries came with them, who, under the direction of the Archbishop of Upsala, ministered to the Swedish colonists for a century and a half. In 1697 landed the most famous of these, Eric Bjork, bringing letters from King Charles XI of Sweden and from King William III of England, whose interest had been bespoken by William Penn. In the following year he started to build a stone church which was finished and consecrated on Trinity Sunday, June 4, 1699. This church is, in a sense, the mother-church of all Wilmington.

During the eighteenth century the relations between the Swedish and the English missionaries in Delaware were most friendly. In divided Christendom the Church of England and the Church of Sweden are close to each other, since the lines independently adopted by them in the Reformation period were similar. This has been recognized in all stages of their respective his-



OLD SWEDES' CHURCH, WILMINGTON, CONSECRATED JUNE 4, 1699

tories when they have come in contact. Church of England and Church of Sweden men in Delaware found themselves in ecclesiastical sympathy, and there was constant interchange of pastoral help. During vacancies, Swedish clergy officiated in English churches, and English clergy in the Swedish church at Wilmington. Rectors of New Castle and priests of Old Swedes' baptized each other's children. This co-operation was only a striking illustration of what has happened at other times and in other ways. During the past twenty years, the possibility of full communion between the two Churches has been seriously considered in England and in Sweden. Mutual impressions are favorable; and joint work seems possible. This development in our own time is in line with experiences in the mission-field of Delaware two hundred years ago. When, however, New Sweden became first a Dutch and later an English colony, the support of a Swedish mission became difficult, and apparently unnecessary after the

Swedish language ceased commonly to be used. Yet it was not formally abandoned until 1790, at which time the Swedish churches were turned over to the Episcopal Church as the Church of Sweden's nearest friend and natural heir. Hence the Old Swedes' Church in Wilmington became the first of the Episcopal churches there, and has for over a century and a quarter been one of the homes of the Prayer Book.

II. Missions of the S. P. G.

The first missionary of the Church of England who is known to have worked in Delaware was the Reverend John Yeo, who in 1677 came to New Castle, where Church of England work was more definitely organized in 1689. This was not, however, systematically maintained until after the formation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1701. In the eighteenth century missions were established in all three Delaware counties, the chief being in New Castle

How Our Church Came to Our Country

for New Castle County, in Dover for Kent, and in Lewes for Sussex.

Immanuel Church, New Castle, is the cradle of Anglican Christianity in Delaware, and the Reverend George Ross the outstanding figure in its early history. Little is known of the parish prior to 1703, when plans were made for the present church which was finished and opened in 1705. The sermon on this occasion was preached by one of the Swedish missionaries from Christina; and among the gifts made were a pulpit, altar-cloths and "box of glass" from Queen Anne. The man most active in promoting the work was Captain Richard Hallowell who, in addition to large gifts of money made during his life, bequeathed his farm as a glebe for the church; and on this, rectors of New Castle lived for over a century and a half. The other churches in New Castle County which date from the time of Mr. Ross are Saint Anne's, Appoquinimink (Middletown), where work was begun in 1705, and Saint James's, Whiteclay Creek (Stanton), where a church was opened on July 4, 1717.

Christ Church, Dover, originally Saint John's or Saint Paul's, is the mother-parish of Kent County. The



IMMANUEL CHURCH, NEW CASTLE

first settled missionary, the Reverend Thomas Crawford, came in 1704, and



CHRIST CHURCH, DOVER

How Our Church Came to Our Country



SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, LEWES

three years later the first church was built. The present church dates from about 1730 and has been beautifully restored in recent years. An S. P. G. report of 1728 thus summarizes Mr. Crawford's letters: "Soon after Mr. Crawford's coming among them, not only the masters of families brought their children to be baptized, but many grown persons, who once had prejudices to the Church, desired and received baptism; in about two years' time Mr. Crawford baptized above 230, young and old, in his own appointed cure, besides many others in places which were not within his charge. He was very constant in his labors, and did not confine them to Dover town, and the adjacent parts, but preached up and down the county which is above 50 miles long, at several places. His general audience was from 50 to near 200 persons, and he ordinarily had 30 and 40 communicants. The people at his first coming

among them were very ignorant; in-somuch that he informs, not one man in the county understood how the Common Prayer Book was to be read; and he was forced to instruct them privately at home in the method of reading the liturgy; for the more general instruction of the people, he used to preach one Sunday at the upper end of the county (Duck Creek, now Smyrna), another at Dover church, and a third at the lower end of the county (Mispilion, now Milford). He used to catechise the children all the summer long before sermon, but not in winter. The people improved much, became serious and grave in their behaviour in church, and brought their children very regularly for baptism; though a great many of them were Quakers' children or were Quakers themselves. He was also invited by the people of Sussex County to come and preach for them, which he did, at Captain Hill's house in Lewistown, and at other places. The people of this county also were of a religious disposition." This is a good example of the kind of work done by all the S. P. G. missionaries in this and the adjacent colonies.

Saint Peter's, Lewes, is the mother-church of Sussex County. Its history may go back to the seventeenth century; but nothing definite is known before the coming of the first S. P. G. missionary, the Reverend Thomas Black, in 1708. The chief missionary, however, was the Reverend William Becket, who came to Lewes in 1721 and remained there until his death in 1743. The first church was completed in 1722 or 1723; and two churches were built in the neighboring part of the county, Saint John Baptist's in the Wilderness (Milton) and Saint George's, Indian River. Becket was very active both in Sussex County and in Kent. "His necessary labours were very great, for he was obliged to travel 70 or 80 miles every week, to discharge the duties of his function, in



OLD SAINT ANNE'S, MIDDLETOWN

several places; that large county, 50 miles in length and 20 in breadth being all reckoned in his parish." Becket sent very encouraging reports to London: "We have now three churches in this county, yet none of them will contain the hearers that would constantly attend divine service: the people at a good time of the year make no account of riding 20 miles to church; a thing very common in this part of America; which is sufficient to shew that our people have a great value for the favour of the Society, and that our labour is not lost in this distant part of the world."

Other old churches in Sussex County still standing are Prince George's, Dagsboro', built as early as 1717, and Old Christ Church, Broad Creek (Laurel), dating from 1771. They were built in a section of the county which in colonial times formed part of Maryland, not of Pennsylvania. Hence they were not served by missionaries of the S. P. G., as the Society did not assume responsibilities for Maryland and Virginia, since these colonies were better able than the

others to provide clergy for themselves. The whole history of the Church in Delaware is an example of the need of foreign missions. Most that our Church possesses is ultimately due to the missionary interest of good people in London and Sweden two centuries ago.

III. The General Convention of 1786

In spite of its smallness the state of Delaware has a distinguished place in the history of the Union. The "lower counties" of Pennsylvania took prompt action in 1776 to assure Delaware's position as an independent commonwealth. They adopted the name "the Delaware State, formerly styled the Government of the Counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex upon Delaware". Delaware delegates to the Continental Congress played an important part in the discussions concerning independence and the Constitution. Its legislature was the first to ratify the Constitution on December 7, 1787, thereby giving Delaware

How Our Church Came to Our Country

the high position of first of the states. Delaware was a State before there was a Union. The Union began when Pennsylvania also ratified the Constitution; and these two states were shortly after joined by New Jersey. It might be said that the nucleus of the American Union is that bit of the Delaware River where these three states touch each other. The distinction of being represented by the first star and first stripe in the Flag is one which Delawareans never forget.

The diocese of Delaware has but one point of contact with the history of the Church as a whole; but this is so important that it gives to the diocese interesting associations which may be compared to those in national history of the Delaware State. Wilmington was the scene of the meeting of a convention which took action of critical importance for our Church. On October 10 and 11, 1786, an adjourned General Convention met in the Wilmington Academy after a service in the Old Swedes' Church. On its proceedings the Church's future depended. In the troubled times of the Revolutionary War, colonial Churchmen had done the best they could to maintain a precarious life for those congregations established as missions of the Church of England; but it had been uncertain whether they could maintain an ecclesiastical organization which would perpetuate the distinguishing principles of the English Church. Many proposals were made; and in those days of slight knowledge of the principles of historic Christianity and of many difficulties and perplexities, it would not have been strange if the Church of England had ceased to be represented in this country. Some did not care to maintain all its doctrines and discipline; more felt that it would be impossible to perpetuate its Orders. There had never been bishops in America; and now it seemed impossible to secure them. Many of these perplexities were rep-

resented in a suggested revision of the Prayer Book, known as the "Proposed Book", from which were omitted the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, representing the doctrines of the undivided Church, and also most of the Prayer Book's sacramental teaching as was afterward done in the Prayer Book of the "Reformed Episcopalians". There would have been no perpetuation of the principles of the Church of England if some of the proposals of this Book had been adopted, or if Anglican Orders had not been continued by securing the episcopate. The Preface to the Prayer Book states: "It will appear that this Church is far from intending to depart from the Church of England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline or worship." The action which made this clear was taken by the General Convention which met in Wilmington.

A petition had been sent to the English archbishops to consecrate bishops for America. They were willing to grant it, if certain parliamentary arrangements had been made; but they had heard of the "Proposed Book", and felt that they could assume no responsibility for a religious body which seemed likely to abandon doctrines of the Church of England and of the ancient Catholic Church. Hence they agreed only to consecrate bishops if assurances were given that the newly organized Church in America would maintain the essential principles of the English Church. This assurance was given by the Convention of 1786, which, ignoring the "Proposed Book", affirmed its loyalty to the Prayer Book and in particular voted for the retention of the Nicene Creed. This done, the credentials of three bishops-elect were signed, two of whom, Dr. White of Pennsylvania and Dr. Provost of New York, were soon after consecrated in the chapel at Lambeth Palace. The securing of the episcopate on assurances of loyalty to the Prayer Book was the decisive action which



BISHOPSTEAD

determined the character and line of development of this Protestant Episcopal Church. And this action was taken in Delaware.

IV. Later History of the Diocese

The beginnings of our Church's work in Delaware all go back to Colonial times. Of forty parishes and missions now in the diocese, fourteen have been in existence for about two hundred years and seven others for most of the past century. Only in Wilmington where there are a number of city-parishes is our Church's work not an obvious development of what was started by S. P. G. missionaries.

The later history may be briefly summarized. Delaware's diocesan existence dates from 1786; but for sixty-five years its congregations were under the care of neighboring bishops, for the most part the bishops of Pennsylvania. Bishop White held confirmations in New Castle and Wilming-

ton; but the first bishop to visit all parts of the diocese was his successor, Bishop Henry Ustick Onderdonk, who, as provisional bishop of the diocese of Delaware for eight years, made regular semi-annual visitations, helped to revive decadent parishes, assisted in the formation of several new ones, and made possible in 1841 the election of the first Bishop of Delaware, Dr. Alfred Lee. Bishop Lee administered the diocese for almost forty-six years and died presiding bishop of the Church. During his long episcopate the work of the diocese assumed the proportions which have since been maintained. There are several strong parishes in Wilmington, and parishes or mission-stations in all the more important towns of the state. In a country-diocese there is always necessity for extending help to struggling missions and decaying parishes, and plenty of opportunity for missionary work in places near home. The Wilmington parishes have been thought-

How Our Church Came to Our Country



BISHOP KINSMAN

ful and generous in their aid of congregations in south Delaware. The smallness of the diocese has made pos-

sible a general acquaintance among all Church-people, so that outsiders are likely to comment on the home-like character of the diocesan gatherings. An interesting missionary feature of Delaware Church life has been a special interest, owing to Bishop Lee's personal share in it, in the work of our mission in Mexico.

The bishops of Delaware have always lived in Bishopstead, an interesting old colonial house in Wilmington on the banks of the Brandywine. Bishop Lee bought this for himself in 1842 when the house was a century old. After his death it was presented to the diocese by Mr. Francis Gurney duPont, who built a beautiful chapel adjoining it shortly after the consecration of the second bishop, Dr. Leighton Coleman, who for nineteen years ably administered the affairs of the diocese. He carried on many good works both within and without the state and was greatly beloved by everyone. The present bishop of Delaware is the third and was consecrated in 1908.

CLASS WORK ON "HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO DELAWARE"

PREPARATION FOR THE LESSON

Any good American history will furnish the facts of the early settlement of Delaware. As regards the establishment of the Church, Perry's *History of the American Episcopal Church*, Chapter XIII, gives many interesting details. Bishop Alfred Lee's *Planting and Watering* is good if it can be obtained.

THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

Bring a map to the class and have the members look up the places where churches were built before the Revolution. Bring out the fact that in comparison with its size Delaware has more colonial churches than any other state.

TEACHING THE LESSON

I. Settlement of Delaware.

1. Who were the first Delaware settlers?
2. What Swedish missionary built the first church in Wilmington?
3. How did the Swedish and English clergy help each other?

4. What gift did the Church of Sweden make to us in 1790?

II. Missions of the S. P. G.

1. What do the initials "S. P. G." mean?
2. Name some of the churches founded or helped by this society.
3. What kind of work did the S. P. G. missionaries do?
4. What did Queen Anne send to Immanuel Church, New Castle?

III. The General Convention of 1786.

1. How did Delaware earn the right to the first star on "Old Glory"?
2. Where did the 1786 convention meet?
3. What depended on its action?
4. What two bishops did it send to England for consecration?

IV. Later History of the Diocese.

1. Name the first Bishop of Delaware.
2. What mission field is Delaware interested in, and why?
3. What about the second bishop?
4. Who is the present bishop?

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

REPORT OF OFFICERS CONFERENCE

BETHLEHEM, California, Delaware, Easton, Erie, Harrisburg, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Southern Virginia, Virginia, Washington and Western New York were the dioceses represented at the November conference, which was held during the provincial synod for the province of Washington, on Wednesday, November twenty-first, at Holy Trinity Memorial Chapel in Philadelphia.

The chairman of the Saint Agnes's Committee reported on their work.

The general secretary reported progress in telling of the institutes in New Mexico, Texas and North and South Dakota and of Mrs. Biller's visits. She also emphasized the need of missionary nurses, and announced the fact that one-third of the last United Offering has already been appropriated, and that new appointments will have to be charged to the annual receipts of the Board, so that the next United Offering should be much larger.

The subject of the conference was the report of the Committee on the Relation of the Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. The chairman of the committee, Miss Delafield, made the report, bringing out among others the following points:

First, the work the committee is doing in connection with the United Offering missionaries, in considering the proportion of women appointed for the different fields, the difference of method in appointment for the foreign and domestic fields, the policy to be adopted where professional training is needed, and the care of workers in the domestic field.

The second part of the report dealt with the question of national organization for the Auxiliary. The committee had presented to the Board (February, 1917) seven suggestions, as follows:

1. The Auxiliary should have a constitution to be ratified by the Board.
 2. The president of the Board of Missions is *ex-officio* president of the Auxiliary.
 3. The general secretary should be nominated by the Auxiliary and appointed by the Board of Missions, her term of office to coincide with that of the president of the Board.
 4. There should be some sort of unified provincial organization.
 5. The delegates of the Woman's Auxiliary at its Triennial meeting should elect a chairman of its executive committee, who shall preside at all meetings. They shall also elect an executive committee consisting of sixteen members, eight to be nominated by the whole body of delegates. In case of vacancy in the chairmanship between the Triennial meetings, the executive committee shall have power to fill the same.
 6. Eight members of this executive committee shall be elected members of the Board of Missions.
 7. The executive committee shall meet at the same time as the Board of Missions, either immediately before or immediately after.
- Six of these the Board had approved, but it had referred the sixth suggestion back to the Auxiliary for discussion and consideration, that the Board may know the wishes of the Auxiliary. The committee had therefore sent the seven suggestions to every diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. So far sixteen have replied. The importance of national organization is evident when the size and importance of the Auxiliary are realized. While the Auxiliary was

The Woman's Auxiliary

small it was not needed, but now it must have a way of expressing itself. For the same reason, an executive committee, which can deal with questions between Triennials, is suggested. Since there is provincial organization in the Church, it would seem wise that there should be uniform organization for the Woman's Auxiliary in the eight provinces. These suggested steps would be acceptable to most branches.

There is more difference of opinion on the question of electing women as members of the Board. The majority of the committee, both men and women, believe it should be done and the president of the Board is in favor of it. Some of the reasons for it are that it would help the Board to have the judgment of women as well as men, that so much of the missionary work is done by and for women that women should certainly have a voice in the planning. It would bind the Auxiliary closer to the Board, and would prevent any temptation to create separate boards. It would spread intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the Board's policies and methods. The suggestion that a conference committee is sufficient is not borne out by facts, for the time of the Board's meetings is so full, that it is almost impossible to get in extra committee meetings. To the suggestion that the men might be tempted to leave the work to the women, the answer is, that the men serving on the Board of Missions take their responsibility too seriously to do this.

After the committee report the subjects were discussed, Mrs. Markoe and Mrs. Monteagle, members of the committee, representing the minority on the sixth suggestion.

Article I. The technical point which was raised, that the Auxiliary being auxiliary to the Board of Missions could not have a constitution of its own, was met with the suggestion that the resolution should be amended by

the substitution of the word "bylaws" in place of the word "constitution". The resolution was carried as amended.

Articles II and III were passed without discussion.

Article IV was passed after some discussion as to the difficulty of the plan for the eighth province, because of the distances to be covered there. Five of the eight provinces, however, have considered this resolution favorably.

Article V was discussed, and the suggestion was made that this chairman be known as vice-president of the Board of Missions and that she advise with the general secretary in the interim between the Triennial Conventions on any matter of importance which might arise. An amendment from the diocese of New Jersey providing for an executive committee of eight members with eight alternates was adopted and the resolution as amended was carried.

Article VI was fully discussed. The arguments against were that the work of men and women on the same Board was undesirable, various persons testifying to its trial and failure in diocesan and parochial affairs. The interest of laymen in the Church's work having been aroused so successfully of late years, it was felt that they should not be encouraged to delegate it to the women members of their committees. This motion was lost, but every member who favored it had left, as the meeting was very long.

Article VII was passed without discussion.

The conference ended with the repetition of the proposed new prayers for the Woman's Auxiliary and the United Offering.

THE JANUARY CONFERENCE

OFFICERS Conference, Church Missions House, Thursday, January 7, 1918. Holy Communion ten o'clock. Conference ten-thirty. Subject: Discussion on Co-operation. Speaker: Miss Sturgis.

THE GIRLS' DORMITORY AT SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

By Bertha Richards

Miss Bertha Richards resigned her position as educational secretary of the Newark Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, in order to give her help in Saint Augustine's School. "Nobody knows (almost nobody)," she writes, "what fun it is to be here and what a splendid time I am having. The library, my special responsibility, is enormously interesting. This year has made an excellent start in both the number of students and their quality, and we are all as busy as possible. I wish the fiftieth anniversary might take shape in some of the buildings for us. We need them."

WHEN one enters the girls' dormitory at Saint Augustine's it does not need the bronze tablet to reveal the fact that the good brick structure, so evidently built for the needs of over one hundred girls, was a "special", because no building like that can be on the mission field unless it is one. This George C. Thomas Memorial Building is the result of the two \$5,000 "specials" given at the Triennials of 1910 and 1913 from the United Offering (with more otherwise gathered). It accommodates one hundred and eleven girls, and six or seven teachers; we know exactly how many because this year it is exactly full, with twenty-four more girls over in the old Smith Building, and further applicants being carefully considered.

There is a strong fireproof central tower carrying the cement stairways, with two dormitories on each of the three stories. There is a teacher's room in each dormitory, and a separate room for each girl, small to be sure, but her own, with a window, walls that do not reach the ceiling, and her own little personal effects that make it as cozy as that particular girl understands the word and has power to realize it. The rising bell at six must be rather promptly obeyed, for at 6.25 another bell announces that it is time to sweep, carry water and put the rooms in order for "inspection" by the dormitory teacher. The shower baths are used at night. One-half of the high basement is the study hall,

and the quiet that reigns there during the evening study hour, with a teacher keeping it, suggests lessons well learned. The other half of that lowest floor is the gymnasium, though the meager equipment may explain why exercise there is always spoken of as "physical culture".

We want more buildings like this, not to dazzle or to set false standards, impossible to be realized in later work, but the kind that will show how things ought to be, and that will guide in what to work for, when these students are sent out to reform and revive and develop a whole community. That is the task that our graduate teachers are given, and when the state agent of rural schools asks for treble the number of our normal graduates, that is the kind he wants. And we believe that equipment has a part in this training, for it is here and now that standards are set and ideals created.

We are glad that Saint Augustine's is a school for such training, because we believe that leaders who will lead into the Kingdom of God, with all the diversity of gifts that there have use, are as much needed by the negro race living with us here in these United States, as leaders of that kind have always been needed by every race everywhere. Saint Augustine's is laying foundation stones toward the upbuilding of one-tenth of the population of the United States of America. What shall we put into the memories of these school-days?

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE YEAR

OUR Pilgrimage Year is ended. With the last week of the Christian Year it closed, and even now we can tell but little of how it fared in those "extra provincial" places to which it came in the weeks from October twenty-first to November twenty-fifth.

We know that long before it reached Kyoto, Miss Bull had called for leaflets to distribute and was planning for the Auxiliary of the Nippon Sei Ko Kwai; that Deaconess Knapp looked forward to keeping Tokyo's week in her new home; that Deaconess Paine longed that her health might allow her to keep Shanghai's week with her Chinese friends; that Deaconess Stewart anticipated being back in Hankow for theirs, and that Miss Crosby wrote, "I am so glad that I shall be in Wuchang in time." The Hankow Branch appointed its committee in May, planning for ten days of prayer in preparation, and daily celebrations and instructions during the week. From Anking District, Sister Edith Constance wrote: "We have been following the Pilgrimage of Prayer each week. It is so interesting to think of our friends in the various dioceses and to join our prayers with them. We shall use leaflets in Chinese throughout the diocese."

Their week found our European Churches in the tide of war, and Bishop Israel writes: "Your letter reached me while I was 'on the line,' making some five weeks' visitation to the soldiers and sailors generally. As I lived in camp during this visitation, with few conveniences and speaking three times a day to the men, I could not then take up the Pilgrimage of Prayer with our clergy. . . . The bishop of Marquette has transferred to me his commission for charge of the American Churches in Europe,

and I am now sending out to the clergy a circular letter, which, on account of the irregularity of the mails, may not reach them in time."

From the Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, the Reverend Dr. Watson writes: "I shall be very glad to make known your request and to ask as many women as possible to be present at the service of the Holy Communion, on Saint Catherine's Day, November twenty-fifth. In this war, which is a war of imponderables, we feel the need of putting first things first, as never before in the history of the world, and the first commandment of the law has to do with our relationship to God; and intercessory prayer we count as one of the greatest forces for righteousness in the universe."

To this Mrs. Watson adds: "There are many American women in France, but they are all here on special work of some sort, and absolutely absorbed in what they undertake. Every one who has been here three years is tired, the sort of tired which prompts you to do only the great essential things. The church is just the one place where one may go into the Father's House, and sit and rest and pray and be strengthened for the things He lets us do. There is nothing else to look to or to lean upon, but God. I am sure that the women who are here will count it a privilege to share the great corporate Communion, on November twenty-fifth."

From Liberia (where is not Bishop Lloyd's visit an answer to their prayers?) Miss Seaman writes: "It seems a wonderful thing to me, this belting of the world with prayer. It must, eventually, be a great power for good."

By the first of October Miss Packard had written the clergy and presidents of parish branches in Brazil, and was hoping for good results.

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Absent in the United States, the president of the Cuba Branch arranged for services on November eleventh, and for a special service on the twenty-fifth "all over this tropic land." Miss Ashhurst at Guantanamo hoped for a corporate Communion of the Juniors,—there is no Woman's Auxiliary—to be followed by the Litany for Missions, and the War Litany. She adds: "We are too far away for joint meetings."

As early as March the secretary of the Haiti Branch sent out a letter to the women of that Auxiliary, begging them to join in the Pilgrimage. The closing words of this letter, written in French and here translated, are as follows:

"Is it not said that when our Blessed Saviour had sent the multitude away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come He was there alone? Truly service was the dominant characteristic in the life of the Master. Should we not suppose that He sent the people away and looked for solitude and loneliness to pray because He was convinced that in this way He would render them the greatest service possible?"

Bishop Knight wrote the clergy in the Panama Canal Zone and Arch-deacon Mellen his brethren in Mexico, sending a prayer for their use.

Mr. Cooper wrote from Christ Church, Christobal: "We are to plead daily, at seven-thirty, the Holy Sacrifice of Our Blessed Lord, and at noon each day will hold a half-hour of prayer and intercession, and each evening have a short sermon on some mission field, with litany and intercessions. I am grateful to think of this effort of united prayer, and may God vouchsafe to His whole Church abundant blessing and a great impetus to mission work everywhere."

We have heard from Haiti, the Canal Zone and Mexico since the keeping of their weeks. From Port au Prince, Mrs. Battiste writes:

"Our week of prayer came immediately after an awful railroad catastrophe in which many lives were lost, among them near and dear friends, and especially some of the sisters of the convent school which some of our girls attend. We were kept busy, not only in our church, but in all the churches, praying for the dead, the dying and the suffering. The sisters chose that week for their annual school retreat. There seems to have been a unity in the desires of the people, if not in their petitions.

"Sunday, the eleventh, we rose at half-past three and went to the church, only to find that it was already, at half-past four, crowded with the members of the Woman's Auxiliary and other members. The service was so impressive that no one felt it a sacrifice to come out each morning at the same hour. The rector gave us each day a short talk on the subject of the prayer for that day, and by half-past five or six o'clock, prayers were over and each person was requested to continue during the day these petitions, and especially at noon. We had a full attendance each morning, and on November twenty-fifth a Corporate Communion of the Woman's Auxiliary in all the churches, with the intention of the Woman's Auxiliary."

The Reverend H. R. Carson writes from Ancon in the Canal Zone: "Although there is no branch of the Woman's Auxiliary on the Isthmus, the week was observed in Saint Luke's Hospital Chapel, Ancon; Saint Paul's Church, Panama; Saint Peter's Church, La Boca; Christ Church, Colon; Holy Comforter, Palo Seco, (mission to the lepers); mission of Saint Paul's at Chorrillo. In the mission at Chorrillo there were only night services; in the others daily intercessions for missions were had at noon, and, at night, more formal addresses, according to the suggestions of the recent convention of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, on *The*

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Master at Prayer, Personal Prayer, Prayer Habits, and The Book of Common Prayer. A question box on prayer was also conducted. At Palo Seco one of the leper patients read the Litany for Missions every day at noon, the mission bell was rung, and many of the patients were able to come to the church for the special devotions which had been suggested to them."

From the City of Mexico Archdeacon Mellen writes: "Here a series of special services was held, including the English parish of Christ Church of San José de Garcia, and the Hooker School. The plan of operation was explained as far as possible to the country mission congregations also, and they have felt the force and the help in joining the great procession and making a part of it. It is just one of those vital experiences which help us to understand the meaning of the words, 'I believe in the Communion of Saints'."

From the Hooker School we hear: "I am going to try to tell you just how we prayed during our week of prayer. First, on Sunday, the native clergyman explained to the pupils of the school what the Pilgrimage of Prayer means. Then Monday morning at chapel service I talked to them and told them that we would select a subject for each day, and I would put on the blackboard each morning the subject, with suitable hymns, prayers and Bible readings.

Friday the native clergy, Mr. Mellen and the workers from the settlement house came out to the school, and we had the Litany and an address. Sunday I took the whole school in a body to the city to the native church of San José, where Mr. Saucedo preached a splendid sermon on Missions and especially stressed the women's work. Then we had a Corporate Communion. We felt all the week our friends at home were with us, offering prayers, not only for the work in Mexico, but for the reign of Christ throughout the world."

THE CLOSING WEEK

IN preparation for the closing week more than one hundred and fifty thousand leaflets and envelopes were sent out, with plans and suggesting that Saint Agnes's School, Kyoto, be the object of the offering to be made at our Corporate Communion.

From Maine, where our Pilgrimage Year began, the president of the branch again sent out her call: "Just a year ago the Pilgrimage of Prayer started on its way. The dioceses of Maine and New Hampshire began it, without much time for preparation and without the experience of others to help them, but with all the earnestness of purpose and with the heartfelt desire that the beginning should be a right beginning, with sufficient impetus to carry it on its course. . . . And it has gone on—southward, westward, northward, across the Pacific Ocean, quietly, steadily, without interruption, week by week, gaining strength in its progress, blessed by the Holy Spirit of God, until now, after twelve months, it ends in the Canal Zone and Mexico. . . . Let us in Maine see to it that in our northeastern corner of these United States we are found fervent in spirit, and with renewed zeal for the Lord's service, ready for whatever work may be given us to do in the coming year."

From a member in the district of Salina, awaiting a new bishop and with no resident priest or opportunity for sharing our Communion Feast, came the first contribution to the offering. In the parish of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh, N. C., the hours of every day were so assigned as to assure continuous prayers throughout the week. In Ohio their plans were to embody not only the original idea of the Pilgrimage but all that it had developed throughout the year, in the hope that this last week might be the means of sending the animating spirit out into the Church, awakening its members to our present needs. In

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Massachusetts a service was held at the cathedral on Friday, Saint Andrew's Day, for all who could not go to their parish churches.

Acting upon the suggestion made by the president of the Duluth Branch, different women's missionary societies were asked to join with us in this special week of prayer. A response received from the Presbyterian Women's Board of Home Missions says: "We are grateful to you for sending us your leaflets on your Pilgrimage of Prayer and giving us the privilege of uniting with you in your petitions. It will give you pleasure to know that the members of the Woman's Board are uniting with you in this last week of your Pilgrimage." And an officer of the Women's Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Church in America writes: "I greatly appreciate receiving the literature on your prayer pilgrimage and it will be a pleasure to join with you in this intercessory effort for the Kingdom. With all our hearts we echo your earnest hope that as a result of these prayers there may be an increase of love among all Church people and the hastening of Christ's Kingdom on earth."

From Canada, Mrs. Smalley, so long associated with our China mission writes: "I shall do my part this last week. On that Friday there will be a Quiet Day in the cathedral (at Victoria, B. C.) for all the Woman's Auxiliary, so I shall be very much with you on that day, and will keep every day as far as possible with you."

A retired missionary teacher in Geneva, Switzerland, writes: "I join with you in prayer to God that the peace may come soon according to right and justice—the only way to finish forever with war. God is able and ready to bring good out of evil, which thought helps much in the anguish of the time."

An English non-conformist writes: "As to the 'great renewal', I am praying for it with all my heart. We long for peace, oh, how ardently! But a lasting peace surely none but our beloved Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, can give. As to this terrible war, we English people feel such a deep debt of gratitude to your President for his call to prayer and his unfaltering recognition of God in his public utterances. All that is of God in your work may He abundantly bless, all that is not, in mine or yours, may He graciously pardon, and give increased light."

An English subscriber to THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS writes: "Thank you for inviting us to join our prayers to yours during this All Souls' month. Said Bishop Brent: 'By far the largest and strongest portion of the Church is invisible. Is it not clear that if we really knew how to combine properly our earthly labor with their heavenly capital, we could at once change the face of the whole world?'"

An English nurse belonging to our Alaskan mission, but detained in England because she cannot get a passport, says she will keep the closing week, and adds, "We need this time of prayer. The outlook is very dark."

Miss Orred, one of our S. P. G. visitors at the Triennial of 1913, writes: "By the last week, I shall be at work in a French canteen, but I will take the little paper with me;" and a friend in Kenilworth says: "Your national mission of the Pilgrimage as reported in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS has been especially interesting, as showing how one we are in thought. Our S. P. G. Festival will be November twenty-ninth (our Thanksgiving Day), and all that week we hope to give thought and prayer to this subject. So you will be with us. Today we feel this winning the world for God is standing as a great ideal for us to work for, to live and pray for. It brightens the dark clouds."

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The closing week brought to us at the Church Missions House an unexpected call to faith and prayer. Those who gathered at the noon-day service in the chapel on the last day on which our special prayers were said, added to these prayers their earnest petition for the safekeeping of the president of the Board of Missions as he should journey across the sea in behalf of the weak, well-nigh forgotten mission in Liberia. Perhaps our praying year could not have ended better than in this recognition of the constant need for prayer. Let us continue it. The need is always.

One writing from her work among Mohammedans in the Philippines asked: "Will you pray that we be allowed even to speak of Christ to these people? They will not let their women or their children come if they find we talk to them of any other religion than their own."

A missionary in Japan says: "In prayer remember us who long for larger usefulness and yet feel ourselves strangely and sorely let and hindered in our work and spiritual life."

It is the president of the New Jersey Branch, who writes: "I think as we all grow older we realize more and more that we have nothing to offer in the way of service which can compare in value to the gift of our prayers, and nothing is half as important for us to learn as how to pray."

As long ago as 1682 it was recorded at Bristol, England, that, "the men and women being generally in prison, the children kept up their meetings regularly and with a remarkable gravity and composure, for they might as well think to hinder the sun from shining or the tide from flowing as to think of hindering the Lord's people from meeting to wait upon Him whilst but two of them were left together."

In these days, when men and women are overwhelmed with the burden of a great disaster, it needs that

some childlike hearts shall remember that there has been a war of sin with righteousness before this war was known, and which shall wage after this war is past. With such remains the duty of a constant prayer made in a constant faith and hope. The assurance comes to us from a very feeble mission, in a second message sent to the Haiti Branch, to share in our closing week:

"This then is a solemn invitation to all our members through the entire world to make their common intercessions at the throne of Divine Grace.

"Nor is this a selfish or exclusive call. On the contrary, we shall be happy to see others, men and women, united with us in these intercessions, and the members of other communions than our own. The intentions expressed in the seven subjects of our prayers, while they may be separated the one from the other, are not the less one at heart, in spirit and according to the will of our Saviour, Jesus Christ—to work and fight for the glory of His Name, the salvation of souls and the triumph of His Church, who, by the force of His spiritual arms, can overthrow the strongholds of Satan and bring all thoughts captive to the obedience of Christ, to Whom be honor, power and might throughout all ages."

It is alone with the words of His prevailing Prayer that we would close the story of our Pilgrimage Year:

The Lord's Prayer

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

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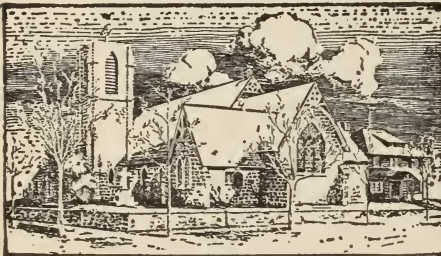
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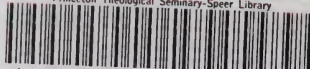
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